

THE NATION

AND ATHENÆUM



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EVENTS OF THE WEEK

A FINAL plenary session of the London Naval Conference will be held on Tuesday, April 22nd, when (at long last) a "full explanation of the situation" will be vouchsafed to a sorely puzzled world, and a Treaty will be signed. The first part of this Treaty will contain the provisions for a battleship "holiday"; the second will deal with certain technical points on which general agreement has been reached. It is hoped that both these parts will be signed by all Five Powers represented at the Conference. The third part will embody the definite Three-Power Agreement concluded between the British Empire, the United States, and Japan. After this Treaty has been signed, the Conference will stand adjourned indefinitely; but negotiations between Britain, France, and Italy will continue, with the hope of enabling the present document to be expanded into an effective Five-Power Agreement for naval limitation.

* * *

Until the promised White Paper, giving the text of the Treaty, is available, it is impossible to make out definitely the balance-sheet of the Conference, and comment must be guarded and provisional. The following facts, however, appear to be clear. First, no replacement of Capital Ships is to take place until after 1936, with the exception that France and Italy are each entitled to utilize, during this period, a credit balance of 70,000 tons, which they have accumulated in respect of replacements permitted to them, under the Washington Treaty, between 1927 and 1930, but not actually effected. This will permit France, if she so

chooses, to reply in kind to the "Ersatz Preussen," and pave the way for a new competition in "pocket battleships." The saving effected by the "holiday" represents both to the British Empire and the United States ten ships of 35,000 tons (say, £70,000,000); to Japan, six such ships; and to France and Italy, the equivalent of three 35,000-ton ships each. Further, the Three-Power Agreement provides that the British Empire shall hasten the scrapping (without replacement) of five ships due to disappear from the list in 1934-35, the United States three, and Japan one. The Japanese ship, and one each for the other two Powers, may be retained as a training ship, after being "demilitarized."

* * *

The second part of the Treaty will give effect to the experts' agreements with regard to special vessels, and vessels not subject to limitation, the measures which constitute effective "scrapping," the restrictions to be observed by submarines in an attack on commerce, and the maximum tonnage of submarine units. The latter is fixed at 2,000 tons, with permission for each Power to build (within the total tonnage allotted or to be allotted) three vessels not exceeding 2,800 tons. It was hoped also to include an agreement on methods of naval limitation—a compromise between the "category" and "global tonnage" formulas—but the Italians persist in objecting to the inclusion of any such clause until their claim to parity with France has been formally acknowledged, and the clause will probably have to be omitted, or inserted only in the Three-Power Agreement.

The Three-Power Agreement itself, in addition to the Capital Ship provisions, lays down definite tonnage figures for Cruisers, Destroyers, and Submarines, as follows:—

	British Empire.	United States.	Japan.
8-in. gun cruisers ...	146,800	180,000	108,400
6-in. gun cruisers ...	192,200	143,500	100,450
Destroyers ...	150,000	150,000	105,500
Submarines ...	52,700	52,700	52,700

The Japanese are apparently to have a 10 per cent. right of transfer as between light cruisers and destroyers, and reserve the right to reopen the question of a 70 per cent. ratio in 8-in. gun cruisers in 1936, at which date only fifteen out of the eighteen American ships of this class will be completed. The net effect will be that the United States builds cruisers and scraps destroyers (heavily) and submarines; the British Empire makes a small cut in light cruisers, and Japan stays pretty much where she is. The real comparison, however, is with the fleets as they would have been but for the Conference (ships built, building, or authorized, less vessels obsolescent in December, 1929). On this basis, the British strength in Cruisers, Destroyers, and Submarines is reduced by about 130,000 tons; the American by about 85,000; and the Japanese by about 48,000. Including the scrapped Capital Ships, the British reduction is approximately 260,000 tons; the American, 162,000, and the Japanese, 75,000 tons.

It is understood that there will be a "contingency" clause, providing for revision in the event of the naval balance being upset by heavy building on the part of other Powers. This was obviously essential; indeed, the cruiser and destroyer figures accepted by Great Britain suggest that some informal understanding must have been arrived at, as regards French and Italian programmes in the immediate future. What prospects there are for the negotiations that are to continue with these Powers, it is impossible to say. There seems some reason to suppose that recent discussions have brought Great Britain and France a little nearer together; but there is, at present, an insuperable obstacle to agreement in the rigid insistence of Italy on formal admission of a parity she is quite incapable of attaining in practice. If, as is understood, the French were willing to allow Italy to reserve the question on the same terms as the Japanese claim to a 70 per cent. ratio in heavy cruisers, the Italians must bear a large share of responsibility for the partial breakdown of the Conference.

Mr. Snowden has presented an honest but drastic Budget. Expenditure, apart from the Road Fund and the Post Office, totals £787,209,000. Revenue is estimated at £789,445,000, and, if the estimates are realized, allows for a surplus of just under £2½ millions. After transferring £16 millions from the Rating Relief Suspense Fund, and allowing for minor changes in taxation, Mr. Snowden had to find £81,714,000 of revenue. Three-quarters of this sum—£21 millions net—has been found by increasing the standard rate of income tax to 4s. 6d.; the remainder will be got by higher rates of surtax—producing £7½ millions; increases in the estate duties payable by large estates—which will yield £3 millions; and an additional levy of £2½ millions on beer, which, however, may be regarded as a set-off to the brewers' de-rating relief and will not, we are told, be passed on to the consumer. For three-quarters of those who pay income tax the increase in the standard rate will be offset by raising the level at which the full standard rate first becomes payable. The Budget also provides minor changes in the law, de-

signed to tighten up administration and stop evasion; and in his speech Mr. Snowden forecast the early introduction of a Bill for the taxation of land values.

The Sinking Fund arrangements are left substantially untouched for the time being; but Mr. Snowden intends to pursue the path of financial rectitude; proposes legislation requiring future Chancellors to meet deficits out of the following year's revenues or else face the House of Commons and obtain Parliamentary sanction for their financial delinquencies; and intends himself to pay off last year's deficit in three instalments of £5 millions a year in 1930 and 1931 and £4½ millions in 1932. Apart from this sacrifice to the sound Gladstonian tradition, he intends to leave Mr. Churchill's Permanent Debt Charge at £355 millions, and considers that this sum should suffice to meet the full interest charge (including interest on savings certificates, part of which was borrowed last year), and provide £50½ millions for the redemption of debt. This anticipation seems to us rather sanguine. At present, it is true, money rates are low, but in our opinion Mr. Snowden, although he has not framed his estimates in the belief that they will continue at their present level, has nevertheless cut the margin very fine, and a swift change in the world demand for floating capital—such as is all too common in these post-war days—might well send up the cost of floating debt and jeopardize the amount available for the Sinking Fund.

That the McKenna duties would have to remain for reasons of revenue we correctly forecast several months ago. On the other hand, nobody (except direct beneficiaries and congenital Protectionists) will regret the lapse of the small but irritating safeguarding duties on lace, gloves, cutlery, and gas mantles. In both these matters Mr. Snowden's policy has been sound. It is more questionable whether he has left himself sufficient elbow-room either for supplementary estimates, on the one hand, or for the failure of revenue to come up to expectations, on the other. The Admiralty, slum clearance, and Mr. Thomas's unemployment policy may all require more money than has been provided in the estimates; and whether incomes and consumption—and, therefore, the yield of taxes—will be maintained in a year when unemployment promises to be high and the effects of falling gold prices are becoming manifest is somewhat speculative. We suggest in our leading article that the policy of extending the social services out of the fruits of progressive taxation has now reached its practicable limits, and we question whether Mr. Snowden's method of "placing the burden on the shoulders best able to bear the weight" is the right one in the nation's present circumstances. But welcome as is his plain hint that public expenditure in one direction must be offset by savings elsewhere, no one who studies present commitments and future liabilities at all closely can feel confident that this year marks the high tide of post-war expenditure.

The Miners' Executive have rejected the owners' compromise proposal about working hours. This is a grave decision. The Coal Mines Bill prescribed a seven-and-a-half-hour working day or—assuming a six-day week—a forty-five-hour working week. At present a short shift is generally worked every Saturday or alternate Saturdays; and the miners have assumed that this practice will continue under the new arrangements. The owners, however, are by no means of this opinion; but, in order to meet the miners, preserve the present arrangements, and effect operating economies which are said to be substantial in amount, they have proposed

that the Bill should be amended to permit voluntary district agreements for working up to eight hours a day on five days a week, provided that the total hours worked do not exceed a weekly maximum of forty-five hours or a fortnightly maximum of ninety hours. This proposal was accompanied by a fairly definite undertaking that the compromise would prevent the demand for wage reductions which the owners might otherwise feel obliged to make. The miners' rejection of the proposal is mistaken, and will lead to trouble both in Parliament—where the amendment of the Bill in the sense desired by the owners may be expected in the House of Lords—and also in the districts when the Bill comes into operation. In the present circumstances peace within the industry and a chance to allow amalgamation to proceed as rapidly as possible should be worth a concession by which the miners would merely relinquish the shadow while keeping the substance.

* * *

The debate on the Air Force in the House of Lords on Wednesday, April 10th, provoked an expression of military and administrative opinion which should be most carefully weighed by those who agree with Lord Trenchard that the Air Force might properly be made into a sort of universal frontier guard for the distant and inaccessible provinces of the Empire. At first sight, the theory is an attractive one; it is easier and cheaper to bomb troublesome inhabitants from the air than to conduct an honest administration, and admittedly the Air Force did effective work in South-Western Iraq against the Bedouin raiders. But there is another side to it, and Lord Plumer, Lord Cavan, and Lord Lloyd all protested strongly against making these isolated incidents the starting point of a general policy. As they declared, peace on these distant frontiers is maintained by a permanent occupation which enables the occupying authorities to establish contact with local chiefs and tribesmen, to follow a uniform course of conduct towards them, and to win their friendship. The Air Force, which is essentially a raiding force, is, by its nature, a temporary friend on a visit, or an enemy who occupies nothing and leaves bitterness and exasperation behind him. Lord Thomson promised an inquiry into the question. We hope it will be a searching one.

* * *

When Ethyl Petrol was first put on sale in this country we wrote an article urging that an "exhaustive official examination" should be made into its possible dangers to the public health. As a result of that and similar demands, a competent scientific committee was appointed by the Minister of Health to inquire into the matter. Two years have elapsed, and the committee has issued its final report (H.M.S.O., 1s.). As we were among the first to raise doubts about the character of this motor-fuel, it is right that we should record its complete vindication. The Committee, after a series of experiments, reports that the widespread use of Ethyl Petrol would not constitute a risk even to the health of policemen on traffic control duty or drivers of motor-cars; that in a properly ventilated garage there would be no danger to health from the exhausts of motors, or from the evaporation of Ethyl Petrol owing to spillage; that the risk arising from the absorption of lead tetra-ethyl owing to the contact of Ethyl Petrol with the skin is so small as to be negligible; and that there is no danger to water supplies from the use of Ethyl Petrol. In short, Ethyl is dismissed without a stain on her character.

* * *

There is no very great change to report from India. The Government shows signs of stiffening its attitude,

and among recent arrests are those of Mr. Gandhi's son, Davi Das, Mr. Sen Gupta (the Mayor of Calcutta), and Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru, president of the National Congress. The continued immunity of Mr. Gandhi himself has excited much criticism; but is so obviously disconcerting both to Mr. Gandhi and to his followers, that the Government's policy appears to be fully justified. The worst feature in the situation is that the negotiations for an All-Party Congress, in preparation for the Round Table Conference, appear to be hanging fire. Meanwhile, Mr. Wedgwood Benn has announced that the report of the Simon Commission will be issued in two volumes, with an interval between, and that almost the whole of the first volume, dealing with the existing situation, is already in the printers' hands. Its appearance will be anxiously awaited.

* * *

There are still no indications that the Nanking authorities intend to start a campaign against the Northern generals; and Yen and Feng are not likely to undertake so hazardous an adventure as an invasion of the Central provinces. Civil war will presumably be conducted by proclamation for some time to come. Meanwhile, the new Allies are attempting to consolidate the provinces they occupy. By a sensible division of labour, Feng commands the forces, and Yen controls the administration. The proceeds of the Maritime Customs at Tientsin have been seized; but the revenues allocated to the service of the foreign loans have been respected—Yen has always had the greatest contempt for those who excite unnecessary antagonisms. Like all Chinese consolidations, this particular union may suddenly and unexpectedly disintegrate; but it must be remembered that Yen has always shown far more administrative ability than his rivals. A group of provinces that he administers will be a territory within which revenue is properly raised, troops are regularly paid, and banditry is suppressed. It seems a thousand pities that Nanking cannot come to an accommodation with him.

* * *

It will be remembered that just when the Yugoslav and Bulgarian Governments were on the point of finally accommodating their differences, an outrage by members of the Macedonian Revolutionary Organization brought the negotiations to an end. It has always been most doubtful whether any Bulgarian Government could effectively control the Macedonian organization; for control, in this case, means suppression, and suppression might mean civil war. Nevertheless, despite their inadequate military forces, and the strong Macedonian sympathies in such forces as they possess, the Bulgarian Government have turned on the Revolutionary Organization and arrested two of its most energetic bomb-throwers—M. Karajoff, who is described as a "veteran," and M. Razrigoroff, who was responsible for the recent outrage. The consequences of this step remain to be seen; but the fact that the Bulgarian Government has acted with such courage and decision ought to be recognized in Belgrade, and entitles them to expect that the Yugoslav authorities will scrupulously refrain from adding to their difficulties by extreme claims or ill-advised pressure.

* * *

We publish on another page of this issue the first of a series of four character sketches by Count Sforza, formerly Foreign Minister of Italy. King Albert of Belgium is the subject of this week's article. The others will portray Krassin, Vandervelde, and Bonar Law.

THE END OF SOCIALISM

IT is no mean achievement to introduce a Budget which imposes the greatest increase in taxation which has ever been made in peace-time and to have it hailed as "dull" and "commonplace." No doubt the mood in which such adjectives are used will rapidly pass, but the solid fact will remain that Mr. Snowden has avoided the ingenious devices and "brilliant expedients" so beloved by his predecessor, and has tackled his dangerous task in a plain and straightforward way. In this we believe that Mr. Snowden has been wise. People are heartily tired of the other method of going to work, and, in any case, the time when you have to do a big thing is the worst possible time for being spectacular in your antics. Having to raise over £30 millions in new taxation, Mr. Snowden was well advised, we think, to begin by putting sixpence on the income-tax instead of juggling with some new tax which would inevitably have been more costly to collect and less certain in its incidence.

It is not clear, however, from the point of view of public policy that this increase in the standard rate should be accompanied by a further graduation which throws the whole of the new burden upon a quarter of the income-tax payers. It is true that some of those whose incomes range from £300 to £800 a year are among the most harassed and burdened members of the community, and there is much to be said for exempting them from increased taxation, but actually to reduce their liability for income-tax at a time when unprecedented sums are being levied elsewhere is a strong measure, and we do not feel that single persons with incomes up to £500 should have been allowed to escape from any contribution towards the additional revenue required.

Taking the Budget as a whole, it is impossible to acquit Mr. Snowden of electioneering. He has imposed immense new charges upon the rich, who will be apoplectic with fury as soon as the real effect of the Budget has been explained to them, but he has taken care to deprive them of their natural allies, "the black-coated proletariat," by letting the latter off very lightly, and, in some cases, giving them a small token of goodwill. This is perhaps a legitimate, if rather shameless, use of political tactics. If it is right to extract still further contributions from those with large incomes and big estates, it is probably wise to reduce them to political impotence, for they will certainly retaliate with such forces as they can command. We are more inclined to question Mr. Snowden's strategy than his tactics. To speak plainly, we doubt whether it is in the national interest to place the whole of this additional taxation on the well-to-do. Our inclination would indeed lie that way. We are in favour of taxing the rich to the utmost limit which is consistent with the economic health of the community as a whole. The trouble is that they have at their disposal weapons of retaliation which may prove far more damaging than those of political warfare. We have referred more than once in these columns to the

increasing habit of tax-avoidance and to the danger of "a flight from the pound." These are not imaginary bogies. The former is rapidly growing, and receives an impetus from every increase, or threatened increase, in taxation. It is cumulative in its effect, because it strikes at the buoyancy of the revenue and so gives rise to the need for a further steepening of taxation. It cannot be stopped by legislation. The Chancellor may block up a hole here and a hole there, but there are lawyers in the City of London busily making fresh breaches more rapidly than the old ones are stopped; and, in the last resource, it is unhappily possible for the rich to take themselves and their property abroad. This cumulative process has only to be given a shove for "a flight from the pound" to set in in real earnest, with consequences of incalculable disaster.

For these reasons, we think that Mr. Snowden would have been well advised to leave the very rich alone. Instead of doing so, or being content to raid them merely as income-tax payers, he has increased the sur-tax and the higher ranges of estate duty. Income-tax and sur-tax combined become, under this Budget, as heavy on the largest incomes as they were in the height of the war-period; then they each stood at six shillings; now we are to have a four-and-sixpenny income-tax with a seven-and-sixpenny sur-tax. At the same time, estate duty is to range up to 50 per cent. To landed estates, which have suffered severely already, this is a further blow, while to the owners of big estates in a more liquid form it is a real incentive to expatriate themselves.

We do not say that these increases in taxation will necessarily have disastrous consequences, or that a large-scale "flight from the pound" need be feared immediately. They do, however, represent the utmost limit to which redistributive taxation can be safely pushed in this country while eligible places with low taxation can be found abroad. Mr. Snowden has shot his bolt. Any further measures requiring finance from the Exchequer must wait for the return of prosperity, which, we must hope, will one day bring again an expanding revenue. Even such measures as the raising of the school age seem to be in danger, as, with the slump in trade and de-rating commitments, Mr. Snowden has left himself a very small margin to play with. The more rational element in the City will indeed be considerably reassured by Mr. Snowden's responsible attitude towards the redemption of debt, and by the concluding words of his Budget speech, in which he recognized that "it is only from trade and commerce that the national revenue can be derived," and continued:—

"I abate not one jot or tittle in my lifelong advocacy of great schemes of social reform and national reconstruction, but our immediate concern is to make these things ultimately possible out of revived and prosperous industry. To that we must first direct our efforts and devote what resources we can afford to that remunerative purpose. No man can speak of the future with certainty. Least of all can I give any binding assurance. But at least I can say this: So far as I can see, the steps which I have proposed for balancing this year's Budget will be sufficient to ensure, in the absence of

unforeseeable calamities or of heavy increases in expenditure, that no further increases of taxation will need to be imposed next year. Though, as I have said, I am imposing no new direct burdens on industry, I am fully aware of the psychological effect on trade and commerce of increased taxation even when no material burden is imposed. Recognizing this, I am convinced that whatever my views as to the equity of the present distribution of the national wealth, in existing circumstances an essential factor in ameliorating unemployment is a restoration of a spirit of confidence and enterprise among those now responsible for conducting industry and commerce. And to encourage that spirit of confidence and enterprise it is right that, so far as is humanly possible, they should know the probable full extent of their tax burden in immediately ensuing years."

These are guarded words, but they are none the less significant, as Mr. Maxton has been quick to recognize. They imply that Mr. Snowden shares our view as to the limits of redistributive taxation. They mean the end of Socialism in our time. They raise, indeed, the suspicion that Mr. Snowden may be deliberately putting a check upon his more reckless colleagues by exhausting at one blow the possibilities of raiding wealth. If he had spread the present burden more evenly through the community, some henroosts would have remained to tempt the covetous eye. As it is, he has left only a meagre sitting of golden eggs, and can honestly assure his fellow-Socialists that further raids must be postponed until the farmyard has been restocked with the birds which lay them.

JEW AND ARAB.—II.

By MAJOR H. L. NATHAN, M.P.

THERE is, even amongst educated Englishmen, a lamentable misunderstanding and even ignorance of the objectives of the Zionists; the aim of the Zionists is believed to be the return of all Jews to Palestine. This view gives an excuse for many sneers at the unwillingness of distinguished members of the Jewish faith to give up their prestige and possessions in the country of their adoption and spend the rest of their lives extracting a scanty living from the barren soil of Palestine. Colour is unhappily sometimes given to these absurdities by Jews themselves. Mr. Horace B. Samuel in his recent book "Unholy Memories of the Holy Land" (published by the Hogarth Press, 15s.)—which is almost wholly without merit except for a good sensational title—has written some obvious nonsense in this connection. "A good deal of high-flown literature," Mr. Samuel writes, "has been written about the spiritual nostalgia suffered by the Continental or European Jew who finds himself at the same time both a citizen and an alien. But, after all, suppose there is a certain amount of spiritual nostalgia, does it really matter so very much? At any rate, in the case of a man able to live in comfort in one of the chief capitals of Europe? And suppose that our sensitive soul migrates to Palestine, will he not succeed in substituting for his previous ailment a new disease, the nostalgia of a man exiled to a semi-civilized and parochial Levantine country for the intellectual and material civilization of an American or European capital?" In another equally nonsensical passage Mr. Samuel asks—"What about the composers, the poets, the painters, the critics, the dramatists, the novelists? Is it to be reasonably

expected that they will divert themselves from the main current of international life?"

Such passages reflect the favourite trick of the opponents of Zionism. They caricature the aims of the Zionists and then say how laughably impracticable they are. No Zionist in his senses dreams of the return of every Jew to Palestine. In the first place, it would not hold them. Geographically it is about the size of Wales, and geologically it is about as barren as Dartmoor. Palestine is not for the great magnates, political and financial, in Park Lane and Madison Avenue. It is for the poor outcast in the back streets of Polish cities. Palestine, in the eyes of Zionists, is not a place of exile for the exalted; it is to be a city of refuge for the oppressed.

In these modern days, when the world is packed with the disillusioned and the cynical, it is easy to ridicule Jewish Nationalism. It is a splendid target for cheap jokes. But those who jeer are those who do not understand. Jewish Nationalism is, in fact, one of the most solemn ideals in the world. How can there be anything comic about the long tragedy of the Wandering Jew? The object of the Zionist is to give rest for the footsore, a home for the homeless, and a land for those who have none. None can really laugh in his heart at that long procession that is leaving the din and dust of the Jewish quarters in Eastern cities and winding its way to the sunshine of the land of their promise. To understand the aims of Zion is half-way to the solution of their problems. There is no real essential clash between Jew and Arab. That is, in my judgment, the mistake of the Committee. They seem to envisage a conflict in which the success of one people must involve the defeat of the other.

"To-day," they write almost truculently, "the Arab people of Palestine are united in their demand for self-government." They discuss Jewish immigration and land settlement in the same spirit, as if it were a menace to Arab hopes. Yet there is no reason why Arabs should not in due course of time have a measure of self-government and the Jews greater opportunities of entry to the land. The Arabs have gained rather than lost as a result of Jewish enterprise. I disagree with Mr. Holmes when he writes that "the Arabs present a serious obstacle to the establishment of the Jewish National Home." "Obviously," he writes, "the two States cannot exist together at Jerusalem any more than two settlers, Arab and Jew, can own and work the same strip of soil." Why not? The problem has been solved in Canada. French and English settlers now work together in amicable unity. Even the negro and the white man who were once quite as much divorced from one another in aspirations, sentiments, and habits as the Jew and Arab are now gradually being welded together. They have at any rate worked out a *modus vivendi*. Why cannot two races live amicably side by side in Palestine? Already the entry of the Jew has raised the standard of living of the Arab. Their continued presence can only result in the improvement of agricultural and industrial methods, an increase in the revenue of the Government, and, in consequence, the generous provision of education and the removal of the dirt and poverty that degrades and contracts so many lives. A division of political power fair to both races is not beyond the possibilities of enlightened statesmanship.

To imagine that the Jew is fundamentally arrogant and combative is to be ignorant of every lesson of Jewish history. As Mr. Holmes puts it in "Palestine To-day and To-morrow"—"It is not the business of Israel to overcome or overbear, to repress or conquer, to prosper, or even to survive, by means of force. A Zion which resists and

subdues another people is not the Zion which has captured the imagination of mankind. Zion which can exist only under the shelter of armoured airplanes and behind a barricade of British bayonets is not the Zion of which the prophets dreamed." There lies the great hope of the future. Zion must set before the world the ideal of the New Social Order. The old Social Order strove for power and wealth. Their hopes lay in their fleets and in their armies. The New Social Order in Palestine must strive for learning and well-being. Its strength must lie in the width of its knowledge and the happiness of its homes. It must aim, and I believe will aim, not at dominion over another race, but, to quote the declaration of the 12th Zionist Congress, "at making the common home into a flourishing community, the upbuilding of which may assure to each of its peoples an undisturbed national development." That vision transcends all the temporary difficulties in the present situation. It marks the end of racial animosities. For it envisages Jew and Arab living peaceably side by side, each providing the other with something the other has not got. And it gives a time limit to the British occupation. For there is no need for international policemen when there is no internecine strife. Jew and Arab will then be able to provide for their own administrative services.

It may be for the moment only a far-off vision, but it is worth contemplating. Zionists must decide where they want to go, before they can win the co-operation of the rest of the world in getting there. Having decided their goal, they must not be slow in proclaiming it. Zionists have not been sufficiently successful in obtaining a hearing for their cause with the British public. Everyone knows the Arab grievances, real and imaginary; the Jewish case too often goes by default. The greatness of the adventure in Jewish nationalism is not really grasped in this country. It certainly has not been appreciated by the Committee. Their Report betrays a strange incomprehension of and insensitiveness to the history of Palestine and the traditions of the Jewish race. They discuss its problems in the detached unimaginative way that they might approach any other difficulty that related to imperial suzerainty. Palestine to them seems to have as impersonal an interest as would any barren tract over which the British Flag happened to fly. But the British in Palestine are not just policing a desert; they are trustees of Jewish idealism. They are not just discussing the future of a few hundred square miles of rocky waste; they are debating the connecting link between the civilization of the East and the West, and a country which has been the generating force of the three greatest religions in the world.

The Committee could have confined themselves to a business-like and bold summary of the precise causes of the riots last August. If they had gone outside the scope of those specific inquiries they could have dealt with the future in a generous, comprehensive manner. In actual fact they have done neither. They show little understanding of the difficulties of the present and no grasp of the problems of the future. But the majestic conception of a Jewish National Home in Palestine still holds the field, and will win through in spite of all the difficulties and all the problems. What is needed is that the genius of British administration shall be whole-heartedly applied, motivated by a bold and imaginative statesmanship such as that shown in the famous letter in the *Times* last December to which Lord Balfour, in the last public act of his life, subscribed his name.

NOTE.—As a member of the Jewish Agency, I must make it clear that the opinions here expressed are my own individual opinions, and that no one else has any responsibility for them.

PARLIAMENTARY NOTES

THE Government's Housing proposals are being presented in a very different atmosphere from that of the Coal Bill. The latter was, for both Liberals and Labour, a matter of second-best. We had to take rather what could be done than what ought to be. Conservatives (after the alleged recapture of the two monkeys) had a comparatively plain path, but only because their attitude to the industry was purely negative. Their slogan, "Let it alone," was in the circumstances almost equivalent to "Let it die in peace," and could not be accepted by any constructive mind.

* * *

But in the matter of Housing and Slum Clearance everyone admits the need for action, and Conservatives were eager to proclaim that they would have done something wonderful themselves—if they had not been otherwise engaged. Mr. Greenwood therefore had far easier conditions for the presentation of his Bill than those which confronted Mr. Graham. And in view of that fact he spent rather too much time over a platitudinous preface before coming to the actual proposals which we were all anxious to hear expounded. When he arrived at his Bill he put it clearly and ably before the House.

* * *

Mr. Neville Chamberlain had no great principles to challenge, and was therefore compelled to take the Bill in detail, clause by clause. He is an undoubted master of the subject, and was worth following with close attention as far as the incessant chatter of his own supporters below the gangway would permit. Sir Kingsley Wood was more provocative than his late chief; there is nothing he enjoys so much as attracting a volley of brickbats only to throw them back harder than they came.

* * *

But unquestionably the main attack on the Bill came from Mr. Wheatley. Caliban once tamed a sea-beast, "a bitter beast that bides his time and bites"; but no one has tamed Mr. Wheatley, and he bites without biding his time and without discrimination of parties. And it is all done with the most reasonable air, in the most logical terms, and without a touch of rhetoric. He conveys the sentiments of Marat in the language of Euclid. Not that he lacks imagination; his picture of the hereditary slum-dweller was most vivid; but even there one expected the conclusion "which is absurd.—Q.E.D." If he ever leads a revolution his Marseillaise will sound like the multiplication table.

* * *

Liberals took a distinguished part in the debate. Miss Lloyd George's brilliant speech was described last week. Sir Tudor Walters, who had given up his place to the lady, further mortified the flesh by speaking in the dinner-hour, but those who heard him were well rewarded for the sacrifice of their appetites. Finally, Mr. E. D. Simon saved the Government much trouble by replying to the main lines of criticism out of his vast store of knowledge.

* * *

Miss Susan Lawrence was at her most ebullient in winding up the debate. She brought herself butter in a lordly dish. There are no greys in her world. The De-rating Act was black as pitch; and this Bill is white as driven snow. Her speech went through the motions of the domestic kettle. Sometimes she simmered, sometimes she bubbled, and occasionally she boiled over. But she has a wonderful combination of enthusiasm and grasp of detail,

and Mr. Greenwood, like his predecessor, is fortunate in his lieutenant.

The Mental Treatment Bill had an easy passage on Second Reading, but it seems to be in for a lot of trouble on Report. On the one hand, there is a desultory Tory campaign to strengthen the position of the Board of Control; and on the other, a far more formidable Socialist revolt directed with a view to the complete subjection of the Board to the Ministry of Health. The latter is headed by Colonel Wedgwood, and the Minister made a great mistake in trying to brush him cavalierly aside. "Josh" does not lightly set out to make trouble for his Government, but once he has taken the bit of principle between his teeth he is liable to bolt. The principle here may be quoted verbatim. "It is fatally easy to make law after law in the interest of Society, in the interest very often of the greatest good of the greatest number, but that should not be the aim and object of members of this House. We are the custodians of individual liberty." It takes one's breath away to hear such words from the Socialist benches, but the point of view is worth putting, and excited some sympathy.

Members of Parliament differ from other "voluntary boarders" in that their Institution requires thousands of certificates for admission, but can be left at will, or sometimes willy-nilly. But they, like the others, suffer from delusions, thinking themselves saints or crusaders, Mahomet or Napoleon; now fancying that they have limitless wealth to draw upon, and now that they are the victims of some horrible conspiracy. Speaking as a potential lunatic I can only say to Colonel Wedgwood that I should feel no safer under the Ministry of Health than under the Board of Control. There is much good in the Bill, and it is to be hoped that criticism will not degenerate into obstruction.

In the course of the week the Official Opposition has attempted two trench raids with signal lack of success. On Monday, Mr. Locker-Lampson, in the absence of his leader and Sir Austen Chamberlain, moved the adjournment on the subject of the Government's efforts to arrive at an understanding as to the meaning of Article 16 of the Covenant. It turned out that the Prime Minister had offered to give information to the Opposition leaders when they should require it, and that no request had been made. Mr. Lloyd George supported Mr. MacDonald, and there was nothing for it but to withdraw the motion. On Thursday, Mr. Hacking made an equally abortive attempt to raise the Russian bogey on Export Credits. Mr. Runciman completely demolished the case with one of his well-informed and perfectly balanced speeches, and Mr. Gillett had very little left to answer.

Mr. Snowden has just completed his Budget statement, and the time has already arrived for these notes to be posted. I can therefore do no more than acclaim the personal achievement. The Chancellor's task was a hard one. His predecessor had left him long bills and empty cupboards, fortune had sent him no windfalls, and he could only, like the Northern Farmer, "goä where munny is." There has been no time to appreciate the details, but the Budget seems on the whole to be a simple and straightforward piece of work, and certainly the speech with which it was introduced possessed those qualities in a high degree.

ERIMUS.

THEIR MASTER'S VOICE

"The Crusaders . . . would work with the Conservatives if they found them a convenient instrument, and cease to do so if the weapon failed them."

LORD BEAVERBROOK at Nottingham.

How do you like it, Baldwin, Amery,
Chamberlain, Churchill, and Eustace Percy?
Chosen as tools that are apt and pliable;
Petted and praised if you prove reliable;
Thrown aside on the first suspicion
Of being moved by your own volition—
Broken up without hope of mercy!
Amery's full of zeal and pledges;
Chamberlain's dubious; Baldwin hedges;
Percy is marked to be sent a-packing;
Over them all the whip is cracking—
How do you like it, Eustace Percy,
Chamberlain, Churchill, Baldwin, Amery?

How do you like it, shades of Dizzy,
Peel and Wellington, Pitt and Canning?
Musing over departed glories,
What do you think of the modern Tories,
Spurred to doom by the sharp persuaders
(Freely used) of the New Crusaders;
Fighting fights of another's planning?
What do you think of Tory leaders
Taking orders from rank seceders;
Pledged to plans of a Press Lord's moulding;
Kept to heel by his daily scolding—
How do you like it, shades of Canning,
Pitt and Wellington, Peel and Dizzy?

MACFLECKNOE.

THE NEW GERMAN GOVERNMENT

BY the defeat of the Socialist motion of no confidence in the Bruening Government Germany has been rescued, for the time being at least, from a grave constitutional danger, and (though this is of lesser consequence) President Hindenburg's reputation for wise statesmanship has been saved too. There is no question but that he came very near to losing it for ever with opinion of the Left a fortnight ago. Dr. Bruening was understood to have a decree of dissolution signed by the President ready in his pocket should the no-confidence motion have been passed by the Reichstag. The programme, then, was that government would have been carried on under Article 48 of the Constitution (an article intended for use in case of revolution or other grave menace to public safety) pending new elections, which have to take place within ninety days. In the meantime, financial reform would be carried into law by decree. Since few people believe that an election would appreciably alter the present strength of the parties in the Reichstag, the highly dangerous precedent of carrying Budget proposals into law by suspending the Constitution would have been established. Imagine Mr. Snowden, whose difficulties are not so very much unlike Professor Moldenhausner's, effecting a *coup d'état* with the help of Mr. MacDonald because the Liberals had allied with the Conservatives to defeat his revenue programme, and there is a picture not fantastically unlike that of the situation which was threatened here.

The Germans are commonly reproached with not possessing a genius for politics, and Germans themselves are not the least loud in self-criticism on this score. The light-hearted threats to use extra-parliamentary methods for the solution of the financial problem offer a further proof of how weak the sense of parliamentary and constitu-

tional government is in this highly cultivated and highly civilized country. The last occasion was the absurd stampeding of the late Government by the Schacht memorandum. The cause that brought the Mueller Government down was one item of the proposed programme of financial reform. This item was not final, but, as tentatively presented, was intended to restore solvency to the unemployment insurance fund. The Socialists could not, however, accept it. The existing representation strength of the parties makes it almost impossible to form a stable Government by any combination which excludes the Socialists, who are the largest party in the Reichstag. Nor would a general election help things much. The German electoral system of P.R. gives almost as exact a reproduction of the political feeling of the country as is possible. That is the peculiar quality of P.R. which commends it to all fair-minded, intelligent people. At the same time it has its weakness. It does not easily permit change. Great political landslides are only possible under the old-fashioned system of the simple vote, and only fail to be an unendurable travesty of public opinion under a two-party system where change of office takes place at fairly regular intervals, and so something like a balance is maintained. The latter is no solution for Germany's difficulties, and nobody seriously suggests it is. But an election just now would probably result in nothing but in sending a few more rowdies into the Reichstag, for the only change regarded as probable is the loss of a few more Nationalist seats to the Fascists.

The closer one examines the causes which brought about the end of the Mueller Government, the clearer it becomes that the breach might, with wiser management, have been avoided and the fantastic procedure of bringing financial reform into law by decree (or the talk of so doing) never have been raised. The new Government avows that its financial plans are the same as those of the last, but that it is determined to put them through by extra-parliamentary means if necessary. The vote last Thursday week has saved Germany from this dangerous experiment, but not necessarily for very long. It is of significance that the vote was a rejection of a motion of no confidence, which is not the same thing as a vote of confidence. The vote was unexpectedly and flatteringly high (twenty-six Socialists and more than half a dozen Communists failed to vote). It came about through the unexpected repudiation by practically the whole of the Nationalist Party of their chief, Dr. Hugenberg, after three days' highly excited negotiation in secret party conclave. Dr. Hugenberg gave way at the last moment to try and save his own position in the party and to prevent it from splitting up into two or possibly more fragments. The new Government's real test is to come when its financial programme is put before the Reichstag. The threat of Article 48 may be raised again then, and possibly not with the same result a fortnight ago. But whatever the solution of the present impasse of parliamentary strength may be, surely decree law, the very negation of all parliamentary government, is not that solution.

While the Bruening Government takes over the financial programme of the Mueller Government, it adds a measure to it which considerably affects its character. This is the so-called *Ost Elbische Hilfe*. This programme of relief for the agricultural interests east of the Elbe is the price that had to be paid for Nationalist support, and is a striking example of the extraordinary power that small groups can exert in a legislature when a Government is in difficulties. It is also an interesting example of how very difficult it is to reconcile the interests of agriculture and industry in a highly protective economic system. Presi-

dent Hindenburg, himself an East Elbian, is understood to have insisted upon the inclusion of Herr Schiele, the leader of a small Nationalist Agrarian group in the Reichstag, in the Bruening coalition. Schiele, on his part, demanded a programme of subsidies and protection for the farming community (which is in a bad way owing to a glut of rye and low prices for other agricultural products) which the Government had considerable difficulty in swallowing. Nevertheless, he got his way, and the prize was such a big one that the Nationalists, who have strong agricultural affiliations, could not fail to grasp it by lending their support to the Bruening Government. So was Dr. Hugenberg swept to the winds, and a Nationalist, who voted for a former famous measure to impeach for high treason any Minister who signed the Young plan or involved Germany in the payment of any tribute, now or in the future, sits comfortably in a Government which intends to pay regularly Germany's reparations obligations. Dr. Bruening has given the assurance that the new plans for the relief of agriculture will not cost the taxpayer anything, but a good many differing opinions are expressed about that, and the problem of reducing direct taxation in face of the considerable deficit on last year's Budget, plus the carry-over deficit from the preceding year, is hardly expected to be eased by the agrarian relief programme. Meanwhile, manufacturing interests (on whose behalf the projected plan for lowering direct taxation were chiefly made) are showing some signs of alarm at its possible effects both on taxation and on existing trade treaties between Germany and other countries.

C. A. LAMBERT.

Berlin.

THE NURSING PROFESSION

THE general public has barely accustomed itself to thinking of nursing as a profession. It is still regarded by most people as not so much a profession as a penance. In a previous article, I stated that most institutions and customs, especially those existing to-day in Great Britain, can only be understood after their origins have been explored. The nursing profession is a case in point. In years gone by, it was one of the chief occupations of those women who wished to enter a convent, yet at the same time desired to do active good in the world. Their reasons for becoming nuns were various, and ranged from the proverbial broken heart to religious mania, all of which could be summed up as being due to some form of repression or oppression. In order to expiate their sins they were willing to work the whole of their waking day, demanding only sufficient time for prayer and food. Medical demands being few and simple they were able to take charge of a large number of patients who were assured of their devotion and spiritual comfort if not always of efficient professional attention. In this country these good women were the best type of nurse available before the Florence Nightingale epoch. The numbers of nursing religious Sisters being insufficient, paid nurses were introduced as early as the sixteenth century. Unfortunately only a somewhat low class of woman was willing to undertake this strenuous, unpleasant, and ill-paid work. It was, therefore, common to find that a nurse was either a pious nun or else a sometime woman of the street. The differences both in the status and the types of nurse could, therefore, be extreme. With the coming of Florence Nightingale, the old spirit of service was emphasized, and together with it a new period in the history of nursing begun, namely, of scientific treatment and attention. She taught and showed that not only devoted service is required, but know-

ledge and intelligent application of the principles of medicine. Further, she made nursing "respectable" for those who were interested in it from other than a religious point of view.

Chiefly as a result of her example, we have the type of woman who is the nurse of to-day. For the most part she represents an enthusiastic and intelligent person who understands service in the highest sense, but who wishes to win recognition, both moral and monetary, for her work. There is no lack of moral approval, but the actual payment for services rendered is very meagre indeed in relation to their value. The average member of the public glories in the fact that there is a whole community of women who are prepared to undertake the most unpleasant tasks gladly and to work day or night always with abounding cheerfulness and absolute content. This, at any rate, is the mental picture which presents itself to most people when thinking of the nursing profession. Unfortunately it is untrue. The nurse of to-day is a discontented creature for the most part. This discontent is showing itself in a positive manner, in a falling off in the numbers of the most desirable type of applicants, namely, those of good education, health, and intelligence who desire to do public service yet who wish to live a complete life. It is very difficult to find a girl, who possesses all these qualifications, willing to take up nursing under the present system, unless she has private means as well.

To-day four years' training is required of a nurse. This period is, in a sense, the most lucrative part of her career, for she learns a profession and actually is paid a small amount during this time. Usually the sum is from £25 to £35 a year, out of which she may or may not have to pay for her uniform. During this apprenticeship she has to submit to a most rigorous discipline, which in many cases involves an assumption of servility and blind obedience which would not be tolerated in any other organization. Hospital etiquette is interpreted very differently by those in authority, and, owing to the organization of most institutions, can be carried to almost fanatical limits without the possibility of effective protest. Fortunately the younger generation of sisters and matrons have for the most part learnt the necessity of personal liberty and give their subordinates more latitude than was previously the case. Nevertheless, a nurse is always under strict surveillance even within her temporary home, the nurses' institute. Her hours are long, twelve hours, broken by periods for meals and two hours off in the afternoon, with which time she can do very little. The modern maid-servant, also in the learning stage, receives more privileges and remuneration. However, as previously stated, this is in a sense her best period, and it has been made as attractive as it is, merely to encourage girls to enter the profession. Their future prospects are less rosy.

When a nurse is qualified she has two courses open to her: either to continue in her present or a different hospital and attain higher rank, or to go in for private nursing, at which she may make a little money and have more freedom. Often the finest type of nurse elects to do the former since it entails real single-hearted service, authority, and prestige. There is little else, however. The first rank she attains is that of staff nurse. She has authority over the junior nurses, but is answerable to the sister-in-charge, whose place she takes in her absence. She may continue in this position for years, and for these highly responsible services is paid a maximum at most hospitals of £60-£70 per annum. Her life is still one of almost military discipline, her hours off duty are limited to nearly the same extent as before, and she now has to think about saving out of this sum and paying in full for her three weeks'

annual holiday, since she is supposed to be earning her living. After anything from five years of this position, she may, if she possesses unusual intelligence, tact, and efficiency, reach the rank of sister, when she will receive the princely sum of £85-120. The responsibility she then assumes is enormous, as great as that of the head of a business concern. She also has a definite social standing, and has added expenses as a result. Her leisure time is not so much increased however, since her responsibility is too great for her to leave her ward for long during her period of management. Probably she may stay out any night until a reasonable hour without asking permission. In this connection I may cite a case I know of a responsible sister who remained out all night and was instantly dismissed on her return to hospital in the morning, after giving quite a reasonable excuse. Her high rank in the nursing hierarchy and her years of training were not considered sufficient in themselves to save her from this disgraceful interference with personal liberty. I submit that no other profession or trade involves such a curtailment of personal liberty as does the nursing profession.

The falling off in the number of suitable applicants is beginning to be a serious problem. The well-known hospitals are not yet feeling the pinch, but the smaller ones, particularly those in the provinces, are finding difficulties in the staffing of their institutions. Nowadays there are many other outlets for genuine ability which do not involve curtailment of freedom, lack of opportunity of meeting possible mates, and sequestration which often has very morbid results. Six months' residence in a small provincial hospital has served to show me what pathetic creatures these nurses often become when they live for years more or less cut off from their own family circles in a strange town where they have few friends other than their colleagues. Strange attachments are formed which the benign ladies' committee innocently regard as being idealistically David and Jonathanesque, or the visiting male staff finds itself the centre of mute adoration. The only solution to this whole series of difficulties would be to give nurses greater freedom and leisure time and more money. Further, since there is no question that opportunities of getting married, in the majority of hospitals, are less than in almost any other sphere of work, and since salaries do not permit of adequate saving, pensions should be made universal.

At present only the Poor Law Institutions and certain of the larger hospitals have insurance schemes. The College of Nursing initiated a superannuation scheme only two years ago and already has two hundred and eleven institutions participating in it, which shows how much needed it is. It seems a farce, however, that the meagre salaries of nurses should further be curtailed by having to pay a percentage into an insurance fund. Many hospitals have a pensions scheme which, however, is not transferable, so that a nurse must remain where she is or lose her money. The Poor Law Institutions, which, for the most part, pay at least 25 per cent. higher salaries than the voluntary hospitals, have their own superannuation scheme, which is transferable only between themselves. The College of Nursing was inaugurated in 1916 chiefly to safeguard the interests of the nurses. It sends to all hospitals a suggested scale of minimum salaries, which is moderate in the extreme, but which is accepted in few institutions other than the Poor Law. Practically its only method of protest is a refusal to insert notices of underpaid posts in its official organ. The idea of a Nursing Trade Union is abhorrent to all classes, yet it is hard to see how these real grievances will be redressed before the situation has become serious.

AUGUSTA BONNARD.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

BIRTH-CONTROL METHODS

SIR,—Dr. Marie Stopes's letter in your last issue concerning the Cambridge Birth-Control Clinic may produce a misleading impression unless her statements are corrected. In commenting on the results of an investigation recently published in "Birth Control on Trial" she says that "this book reveals itself as work by amateurs dabbling in a technique in which they were not trained," and that the "Cambridge results are much less a reflection on the methods than on the lack of training of those who professed to give instruction." These statements are so grossly unfair to the doctors who have given splendid service to the Clinic that they must not remain unchallenged.

Dr. Stopes's ignorance in the matter might have been cleared up if she had ever visited the Cambridge Clinic, or talked to the doctors in attendance, or even read carefully the book she is criticizing. For there it is clearly explained that no instruction in contraceptive methods has ever been given at the Clinic except by a fully qualified medical practitioner who had, in addition, received a special course of instruction at the Walworth Clinic. This Clinic has been operating since 1921, and enjoys therefore the same length of experience as Dr. Stopes's Clinic, which opened in the same year. It has the advantage over Dr. Stopes's Clinic as a training centre in that it is staffed by fully qualified and experienced medical women who have given instruction to many thousands of patients, and who also instruct doctors who wish to learn contraceptive technique. It has, in fact, been the chief source of training in a subject which medical schools have omitted from their curriculum. Doctors who have had the best training at present available cannot be said to be amateurs dabbling in a technique in which they were not trained.

Dr. Stopes says (I do not know on what she bases her figures) that birth control is so simple and easy that "hundreds of thousands of women" employ the methods successfully without ever visiting a Clinic. She really cannot have it both ways. Methods cannot be as easy as this on the one hand, and so difficult on the other that properly trained medical practitioners cannot give successful instruction in their use.

Dr. Stopes refers to the "tens of thousands of cases dealt with satisfactorily by other and more experienced Clinics." It was precisely these blithe references to "tens of thousands" and "hundreds of thousands" of successful cases, these unscientific generalizations about the success of contraceptive methods, which prompted us to make an exhaustive study of a small number of cases. We believe, as the first chapter of my book points out, that "it is more enlightening to know what has happened in three hundred cases, than to surmise what has happened in five thousand." Until Dr. Stopes produces evidence accumulated with similar scientific precision, and not based on general impressions, or on such assumptions as that all cases lost sight of may be counted successful cases, her claim to superior knowledge and success cannot be taken seriously.

One further point. Dr. Stopes says that nearly half the patients coming to her Clinic are "abnormal, injured, or difficult cases," and that therefore "Clinic cases cannot be held to be representative of normal users of birth-control methods." But there is no evidence that abnormal and difficult cases are not to be found in similar numbers among those who attempt contraception without visiting a Clinic. We plead for a contraceptive simple and certain enough to be used with success by even this class of women who obviously stand in greater need of protection against unwanted pregnancies than the more normal woman.

We have never "clamoured for perfection exclusively in the matter of contraceptives," as Dr. Haire suggests in his letter on the same subject. But we believe that the medical profession, when it turns its attention seriously to this long-neglected question will be able to produce a method which will achieve at least that degree of perfection in the field of contraceptives, that the false teeth and eye-glasses which Dr. Haire uses as an illustration, have achieved to-day among those requiring these artificial aids.

Those who have the cause of birth control at heart will

eagerly welcome convincing evidence that any method, whether new or old, is meeting or is capable of meeting the needs of that vast company of poor and work-worn women who forever live in terror of another unwanted pregnancy. —Yours, &c.,

LELLA SECOR FLORENCE.

Highfield, Selly Park Road, Birmingham.

April 13th, 1930.

SIR,—It was a great stimulus to birth-control workers of other countries to be present at the Central Hall meeting on April 4th.

I was very glad to see that now the doctors are saying publicly what they, of course, have known and meant privately for a long time. I hope they felt the keen interest and confidence which was placed in their statements by the audience.

I have two objections to the meeting, both of them being rather serious. The first one is a scepticism as to the reliability of the contraceptives mentioned. The speakers as a rule placed great confidence in the methods practised, which was encouraging to hear, but I'm afraid it was too much when one of them counted as successful cases all those who did not come back and scold the Clinic! Recently we had a contraceptive in Norway and Sweden advocated by a very good doctor. It had all the ideal qualities which you require of it (easy, æsthetic, cheap, harmless), only it was not contraceptive! I wonder if that is not sometimes the case with the means used over here too. If my scepticism is undue nobody will be more pleased than myself. Of course, we have got to use the means which are there and as well applied as possible, but must we not agree that the ideal contraceptive is still lacking? I am looking to your great biologists to invent something in the bio-chemical line.

I am now coming to my second objection. I was astonished that only two voices (Stella Browne and Mrs. Bertrand Russell) were raised to advocate legal abortion. Because, as long as the contraceptives are not perfectly reliable, the same reasons will speak for a legal abortion as now speak for birth control.

As my own country was mentioned in this connection I want to say that we have not reached quite as far as was suggested.

First of all, the question has to be ventilated by open discussion in the Press, and that is what we have been through—for fifteen years! And the bearers of new ideas have to go through all that persecution which history seems to show is inevitable! During the last four or five years a marked change has taken place in the attitude towards this question. It is especially felt amongst the doctors, who witness how the abortions, which they refuse, actually take place, but carried out by all sorts of unskilled people.

In the fall there was a meeting of surgeons from the whole country, and a very prominent man in his line, Dr. Andersen, raised the claim that abortion should be legal when carried out by a skilled doctor in a hospital, not only for medical reasons, but also for economic and humane reasons.

Dr. Andersen had a great following, partly because of his personal qualities and high level of character, partly because the question was ripe. Dr. Andersen wanted the surgical association (which in our country includes also the gynaecologists and obstetricians) to present a positive proposal to this effect before our Parliament. It was, however, left to a committee to work out the details of the proposition and have this laid before a meeting of the whole medical association in July. The way the committee was composed clearly showed that the medical profession really wants a change in the present state of things.—Yours, &c.,

TONE MOHR, M.D.

D. H. LAWRENCE

SIR,—I am sorry Mr. Forster is unable to answer Mr. Elliot, but I daresay he is not very good at definition. Particularly I wanted to know what is meant by saying something "straight out." It is a phrase, I have noticed, frequently used by high-minded controversialists, apparently

to give an air of nobility and audacity even to some exceptionally silly remark: but what precisely does it mean? I hoped also to discover what was meant by "high-brow." I used to surmise it meant an intelligent and well-educated person; but then what reason has Mr. Forster for supposing that such people have been unfair to the works of D. H. Lawrence? They have been critical: but then intelligent and well educated people are critical of Shakespeare, and of Mr. Forster, and even of themselves. Perhaps speaking "straight out" means merely being uncritical. That, I admit, is a quality which Mr. Forster may have reason to admire.—Yours, &c.,

CLIVE BELL.

50, Gordon Square, Bloomsbury.
April 12th, 1930.

THE FUNCTION OF VOLUNTARY HOSPITALS

SIR,—Friends of Voluntary Hospitals will be grateful to you and to J. A. G. for the recent interesting article entitled "Yet Another Reform." We are proud of medical practitioners such as J. A. G., who have such clear ideals as to the functions of Voluntary Hospitals, and are keen that institutional services should be utilized to the highest pitch of efficiency. J. A. G. may be right in saying that doctors are aiming at making Hospital treatment more intensive, and money raising organizers are aiming at making hospital treatment more extensive. I happen to be in the second group, and here on Merseyside we have enrolled 250,000 wage-earners to give us an established revenue of £130,000 per annum to assist the Voluntary Hospitals of the area. If J. A. G. will refer to the report of a recent lecture of mine, which appeared in the Supplement to the BRITISH MEDICAL JOURNAL of January 25th, he will find it urged repeatedly that apart from emergencies, Voluntary Hospitals should be expected to provide only the highest form of diagnostic, consultative, and operative service.

Voluntary Hospitals should not normally be used for the issue of pills, ointments, and bandages, nor should they be asked to provide any service to patients, whether subscribing contributors or not, if such service can normally be provided by the general practitioners. The reason why so many Voluntary Hospitals have been crippled financially is because we have allowed Hospital facilities and medical staffs to be exploited and abused in the work which they do for street accidents, industrial casualties and service for patients insured under National Health Insurance, &c. I would like cordially to endorse the point of view of J. A. G., that we should stop this abuse of Voluntary Hospitals, and encourage them to be primarily Medical Institutions where the highest form of diagnostic, consultative, and operative service may be obtained by such patients, who are financially unable to secure these facilities from any other source.—Yours, &c.,

SYDNEY LAMB.

Albert Buildings, Pressons Row, Liverpool.

"FINANCIAL ASSISTANCE"

SIR,—You invite correspondence. May I try to state a case for others to criticize? I submit that the proposal to offer financial assistance to "States victims of aggression" is dangerous because whilst pretending to mean one thing before signature it could always be twisted so as to mean another thing after signature. It would encourage the whole system of pawns, protégés, suzerainties, protectorates, buffer-States, independent principalities, spheres of influence, and the like, all that range of excuses which in the past allowed "Powers" to profess peace and promote war. The plutocratic Powers, disguised as the Council of the Société des Nations, would then be able to use as their cat's-paw and egg on some small State to make trouble with a greater neighbour. Or if more equal States were manoeuvring for position as "aggressor" and "aggrieved," the financial State, with high professions of disinterestedness, could watch for a favourable moment to evoke public sympathy and throw in its weight on behalf of its favourite.

It would be financial assistance presumably to be cashed in the form of munitions.

Surely the line of progress is to assure other States that if they begin quarrelling, then under no conceivable circumstances can they expect any help whatever. How different history would have been if the British Government had taken that line in 1914, or even to-day if the French could only understand that no matter how many promises are made, some people are not going to back up any sanctions under Covenant clauses 10 and 16, or how different China might be under a resolute refusal of sympathy to all generals, "Christian" or otherwise. Not assistance, but refusal of assistance is likely to be the wholesome treatment, and impartially. The statesmen try to hypnotize us into believing that we must redeem their pledges; that is a doctrine for All Fools' Day. The business view is that a man is responsible only for his own promises and for those of his duly accredited agents acting within the limits of their credentials.—Yours, &c.,

HUGH RICHARDSON.

Stocksfield.

April 1st, 1930.

LA CARRIÈRE OUVERTE AUX TALENTS

SIR,—Mr. Lloyd George's brilliant leadership of the Liberal Party during this Parliament has elicited the admiration of friend and foe. One of its by-products has been the giving of an opportunity for temporary fame to some deserving and aspiring persons. Every now and then portentous announcements appear, in the most solemn and important journals, to the effect that Mr. Achilles Tomkins has resigned his candidature for Little Pedlington as a protest against the leadership of Mr. Lloyd George. No one ever heard of Achilles before; no one wants to hear of him again. But he has his day and takes rank by the side of correspondents who complain of the outrageous conduct of Inland Revenue officials who demand payment of taxes. Moreover, if he joins the Conservatives he may get a letter beginning "My dear Tomkins" from Mr. Baldwin. This line of conduct has the advantage that it must amuse and encourage Mr. Lloyd George, gives Tomkins the notoriety he desires, and adds to the gaiety of nations.—Yours, &c.,
SENEX.

A PRIZE FOR POETRY

SIR,—The other day I bought a book, "The Daffodil Murderer," Being the Chantrey Prize Poem, by Saul Kain, 'Brilliant Beyond Belief,' John Richmond, Ltd., 14, Conduit Street, Nineteen Hundred and Thirteen." I quote from the Preface:—

"The 'Daffodil Murderer' . . . is, without doubt, the finest literature we have had since Christmas. The fact that it has won the Chantrey Prize for Poetry speaks for itself. . . ."

Turn over the page with me:—

"NOTICE.—The persons referred to in this poem are purely fictitious. The 'Daffodil Murderer' never existed . . . and the 'Chantrey Prize for Poetry' is a beautiful dream."

That was seventeen years ago. To-day "Saul Kain" is a best seller. He has survived the most terrible of all wars, illuminated it first with his poetry which made him famous, and later with his prose which has assured for him a place amongst the truly great, and, retiring to the country, has exercised himself with rural things. His name has been in "Who's Who" for years now, but the "Chantrey Prize for Poetry" is still a beautiful dream.

That is not as it should be. The ministrations of the Royal Literary Fund, excellent though they are, yet do not fill the gap left by the absence of a substantial prize for poetry. And it is surely slightly ironical that a country, renowned no less for its poetry than for its justice, should not be just to its poets.

Because I love poetry better than pipeclay, I would like to think that the "Chantrey Prize for Poetry"—under that name—will be inaugurated immediately. That a sum of not less than £25 will be awarded annually for the best book

of poetry published during the year—provided, of course, that a book is published of sufficient merit to deserve the prize.

If my intention differs slightly in essential from the original intention of "the founder of the Chantrey prize"—that it should be awarded for a single poem—it is merely that I remember, what some of us forget, that a book of poems is "a Book, and not merely a succession of vagaries."

And as for judges, who better than "Saul Kain" himself, and your own literary editor?

"Saul Kain" however is sceptical. "How"—he asks—"can £600 be procured for such a purpose? Contemporary poetry is not encouraged by 'the public.' In fact, it can justifiably complain that it is treated with contempt."

Surely, not how, but how soon?—Yours, &c.,

J. WHITLEY NANCE.

The Liverpool First Edition Club,
10, South Castle Street, Liverpool.

CRICKET AND SKI-ING

SIR,—The Australian cricket team are on their way to this country, and shortly all sorts of people will be picking out the "best" British test eleven to meet the "invasion." Already one name is suggested as a certainty, viz., Duleepsinghi, the Indian and Varsity cricketer.

Surely this is a very anomalous state of affairs! Here is a man who was born in India (Hindustan) of pure *native Indian ancestry*, and yet there is a possibility of his being chosen for a *British eleven* to oppose Australians who are of our own flesh and blood!

Because on a previous occasion in the middle nineties his uncle, the great Ranji (now Rajah of Nowanuggar) played for the first time in a British test team against the Australians—he practically won the match off his own bat with a splendid innings of 154—there is no common-sense reason why the anomaly should be continued in the present instance. If we have cricket test matches against the West Indies we ought to play tests against India, and in the latter's team Duleepsinghi would be a first choice. Anthony Wilding (with whom I played occasionally on the beautiful grass court of a mutual friend), although born in New Zealand, lived most of his life and developed his tennis here; yet he always played for Australasia in the international Davis Cup matches.

In saying all this, I am not succumbing to race prejudice or decrying Duleepsinghi's attainments or his magnificent cricket achievements; I am merely trying to state the common sense of the position. I have not seen him personally, but my brother (himself at one time a fine bat) assured me already some years ago that Duleepsinghi was a very great batsman in the making. My father, who saw Ranji make his great score mentioned above, often declared that it was a magnificent innings, but he likewise could never understand why a native Indian "rajah" was chosen for a *British test team*. He admired Ranji's batting enormously, and although he regarded the latter's methods as "unorthodox," always used to say that Ranji possessed a certain enchanting quality which he only found in the batting of Arthur Shrewsbury and H. B. Daft (both of Notts, I believe), and later also of Victor Trumper, the Australian.

This "quality" must have been that "aesthetic" or "dancing" quality—not strictly definable—which Mr. Arthur Waley mentioned in his recent charming "vignette" article (in THE NATION) entitled "Downhill." Myself an "old" ski-runner, there were one or two things in this little ski-ing article that I disagreed with, but it is now hardly the season in which to discuss these. Speaking of Prager, the young Swiss winner of the Arlberg-Kandahar race, Mr. Waley says that though he won by some splendid ski-ing, he (Prager) does not possess this "quality" just referred to. I am not surprised, for, whether in ski-ing or skating, I have generally found the Swiss inclining towards the "clumsy." In spite of all their wonderful ice-rinks, no Swiss has ever reached the highest championship standard in figure-skating, and this very difficult art is largely a question of supple carriage and easy grace.—Yours, &c.,

"TOURNEBROCHE."

GIRLS' CLUBS

SIR,—An appeal for £100,000 is being organized throughout the country on behalf of working girls' Clubs by the National Council of Girls' Clubs. Of this £100,000, only £15,000 is earmarked by the National Council for an Endowment Fund for its own organization, the £85,000 is for its local Unions and Federations of Girls' Clubs to make it possible for them to:—

1. Start new Clubs in necessitous and new housing areas.
2. Found Holiday Centres.
3. Help existing Girls' Clubs with the expansion of their work.

The National Council of Girls' Clubs represents over four thousand Girls' Clubs throughout Great Britain with a membership of a quarter of a million girls. The constituent bodies of the Council are the various National Societies who themselves organize Girls' Club work and the Unions and Federations of Girls' Clubs in most of the large towns in England and Scotland, e.g., London has twelve Federations with three hundred Clubs, Liverpool Union has one hundred and five Clubs with a membership of over ten thousand girls. This gives a very small idea of the influence and usefulness of the Clubs to our girls in factories, shops, restaurants, stores, and offices in Birmingham, Bristol, Edinburgh, Glasgow, Manchester, Southampton, &c.

The National Council co-ordinates the Girls' Club movement as a whole. It obtains concessions and privileges from Local Authorities and Government Departments (such as the rebate of rates and taxes, reserved use of Public Baths, education facilities, grants for specific purposes, such as playing fields, railway facilities) which for the smaller and poorer Clubs is an inestimable boon, and the National Council is indebted to the big National Societies (such as the Girls' Friendly Society, Girls' Guildry, Girls' Life Brigade), who, themselves able to procure these facilities, yet join in helping the less fortunate Clubs; thus the Council is enabled to get grants from the Carnegie United Kingdom Trust for Club Libraries and special hours and terms from the Committee of the Exhibition of Italian Pictures.

There is a crying need for a national expansion of the Girls' Club movement for its work and for its play, for its National Conference of leaders and of girls, and for all those activities as arranged by local unions such as their inter-Club competitions, their practical training in household work, cooking and dress-making, home-nursing and first aid. Seventy per cent. of the young people who leave elementary schools join neither Club Company, Brigade, nor any other form of organization.

H.R.H. the Duchess of York, President of the National Council, has graciously consented to attend a great Girls' National Club Rally at the Albert Hall on Saturday, June 28th next, when the Council hope to be able to announce the first sums collected in aid of the National Appeal.

The Council has just received a pathetic letter from one of the North-West Council Clubs where the only factory is closing down which allowed the girls to run a Club for themselves on its premises. These girls are now without work, and faced with the loss of their Club. Will you generously help them, and many similar Clubs—who find it impossible to "carry on," and who are doing work of the utmost importance for the girlhood and womanhood of the nation.—Yours, &c.,

E. LONDONDERRY,
Chairman National Appeal.

ELEANOR L. KEANE,
Vice-Chairman National Appeal.

6a, Blomfield Road, London, W.9.

THE DWELLING OF FAUST

SIR,—Referring to Mr. Edmund Blunden's article, on a corner of the *Karlovo namestri* (Charles Square) at Prague is an ancient house reputed to have belonged to Dr. Faust, who was carried off by the Prince of Darkness on the expiry of his ghastly bargain, since when the place has been haunted. The house really was owned by a member of the

minor noble Mladota family who practised alchemy, and the legend is introduced by Alois Jirasek (the Czech Walter Scott) in his fascinating novel of the Counter-Reformation *Temno* (darkness). Dr. Jirasek died last month, full of years and honours.

This and similar stories of Prague may be traced to the days of the eccentric Emperor Rudolph II. and his magician Rabbi Jehuda Loew, when astrologers and alchemists were settled in the "little golden street" on the Hradcany hill. —Yours, &c.,

FRANCIS P. MARCHANT.

Streatham.

THE HAUNTED TEMPLE

"O, there," I said, "is the hill that we are going to run up and down again on our way back to the inn. It is hardly out of the way, and it will be just the place for seeing the sun set over the plain." We were eating our lunch on the top of a pinnacle of rock overhanging the monastery of Ta-chu-sze. On one side the monastery buildings lay spread out below us, with the great Chih-li plain stretching away beyond them into the haze. In the opposite direction a valley led up into the heart of the Western Hills. A steep, forbidding wall of mountains formed one side of the valley; on the further side, detached from the other wall of mountains, the little, shapely hill to which I was pointing bounded our horizon. "We might first explore the valley a bit," I suggested, "and perhaps climb this spur here to the summit of the ridge if we are feeling very strong; but I don't press that, for we shall get as good a view from the little hill any way." My companion had declined to have anything to do with the maps, and the staff-work had been left in my hands; but at this point she intervened. "If we are going up that hill," she said firmly, "we will go there straight."—"All right," I agreed. "We shall find we have more time than we need; but it may be pleasanter, after all, to spend it up there than in the valley." That comes of doing hill-walks with women, I said to myself, more amused than annoyed; and I remembered how the same thing had happened to me before, long ago, in Greece. That time we were to have walked from Corinth to Argos, but when night had fallen the Acrocorinthus had still been in sight. Why, that little hill over there, what did it amount to? When I used to walk in Greece, I often took two or three hills of that size in my stride in one day, just to see the view from each of them; so, as soon as I had read this Chinese hill on the map, with its steep contours jutting boldly out into the plain like a headland commanding the sea, I had made up my mind that we would mount it on our way home. "What is the best approach to this?" I had asked, pointing out the contours to my host in Peking who had lent me the maps and who knew the ground. "O, the hill with the little temple on the top," he had answered. "Yes, that might be worth climbing; but there is no particular way up. You can mount it from any side you like." So my host had taken the little hill even less seriously than I did; and, if I was a novice in the science of the Western Hills, he, after all, was a recognized authority.

With a sense of leisure, I packed up the remains of the lunch, led off down the slope of the pinnacle, and headed for our goal across the valley. Soon we found ourselves walking through the village at the valley's mouth, along the dusty mule-track that came wriggling down the valley-bottom and then shot out straight into the plain. Soon, again, we had turned off the track into a foot-path and now had our hill full in view. Yes, there was the

temple on the summit. The glazed green tiles of the roof were shining brilliantly in the sun; and this glistening green patch was overhung by the dull green branches of a pine-tree—the tree setting off the building so exquisitely that, had it been in Japan, one could have been certain that every branch and twig had been artificially trained to lie just so. In the afternoon light, we could almost distinguish each separate tile. That roof seemed hardly more than a stone's throw away; and when I looked at the middle distance I could see no obstacle in our path: just a patch-work fringe of little fields, out of which the hillside rose steep but smooth. The little fields reminded me of the chess-board in "Alice Through the Looking-Glass," as you see it when you look southward from the top of Shot-over Hill—only there the chess-board is flat, while here the fields were terraced, so that the chequers rose one above the other, making the effect of a chaotic flight of steps. So much the better. No doubt those steps would help us on our way upwards. We abandoned the footpath and struck into the first field; and there our troubles began.

What had looked like a staircase proved, at close quarters, to be much more like the "Mappin Terraces" at the Zoo. Each little field was isolated from the one above it by a miniature precipice several feet high—a precipice with a face of dry, crumbling earth that gave way as one tried to scramble up it—and the edge of every precipice was set with *chevaux-de-frise* of thorns. The thorns stabbed my poor companion's shins till they bled (my shins were proof, in masculine puttees). Up we went, scrambling up from one ledge on to the next—harder work than we had bargained for; but after all we were climbing fast. And then, disconcertingly, we found ourselves on the top of a terraced hillock, cut off from the foot of our hill by a ravine, and rather further away from our temple than we had been when we started to climb. I looked at my companion and laughed. "Well," I said, "you knew what you were about after all. Still, when once we have negotiated that ravine, it ought to be plain sailing." But it wasn't. After crossing the ravine in the direction of our hill (how deep and steep that ravine was!), we began to scramble up from ledge to ledge again, only to arrive in due course at the crown of another isolated hillock apparently further than ever from our goal. It happened again and yet again; and by this time the shadows were lengthening. As I looked up once more at the temple, now appearing rather distant and minute, I fancied that I could make out a group of monks wagging their heads at us over the wall; and I thought of the Bashkirs in Tolstoy's story, standing on the hill-top against the setting sun and gesticulating to the unhappy Russian peasant who had miscalculated the extent of ground that he could cover in the day. Was something awful going to happen to us too? Were we going to be smitten by heart-failure, as the peasant was, before we reached the summit? What nonsense! Why, what a good thing that the monks should be there; for if, against all likelihood, we should chance to be benighted, they would certainly provide us with supper and beds.

At last we reached a level where the terraces ended and the naked hillside began—just as steep as it had appeared from below, but by no means as smooth. On the contrary, it was as thickly set with spiky rocks as a hedgehog's back is with bristles. Should we go straight up it? Presumably that would be the shortest way; and my mentor in Peking had assured me that the hill could be climbed from any quarter. But by this time I was growing sceptical. One could not be certain that even this was the real hill (the temple, which was our goal and landmark, was now entirely hidden from view). Supposing we did make a push for it, as likely as not we should find

that this, too, was an isolated spur, separated from the main hill by the deepest ravine of them all. I thought of a more prudent strategy; and, instead of climbing at once, we followed the contour of the highest terrace in the hope that, if we persevered, we might strike a proper path. In the end, we did—and then our real climb began. First the path led us up that deepest ravine of all between the spur which we had refrained from climbing and the main hill crowned by the temple—now once more in view. (I had apprehended the existence of that ravine by inference, as astronomers discover invisible planets.) But it was a long journey; for after the path had reached the foot of the main hill it wound round and round it, like the purgatorial *via dolorosa* that ascends to the Terrestrial Paradise. Finally, we found ourselves mounting the last slope and heading straight towards the outer gate of the temple precincts. Well, any way the monks had now had ample time to make hospitable preparations for receiving us. We reached the outer gate and found it standing wide open, with the great hinges so rusty that it must have been long since last they turned. “Evidently,” I thought to myself, “these monks aren’t afraid of *hunghuzes*” (brigands). “Perhaps the estimable Yen Hsi-shan, the ‘model tüchün’ of Shansi, has rounded all the *hunghuzes* up since he took over this province of Chih-li. Or perhaps monks are privileged. Perhaps, after all, there is more religious feeling left among the unsophisticated masses in China, *hunghuzes* and all, than our foreign-educated Chinese acquaintances are willing to admit.” We passed through the second gateway, and there the gate itself had rotted away. But I did not realize that the temple was deserted until I saw the Gods.

Suddenly I found myself face to face with them, sitting calmly in their shrine. Part of the roof had fallen in (what a tiny patch, after all, that green roof was, to have shone out so brilliantly when we were looking at it, an hour or two ago, from what had proved to have been so far away). The particular God whose throne was thus exposed to the sky was already defaced by the weather—he looked as though some dreadful leprosy had wasted away his plaster countenance and his plaster arms—and the whole array of Gods was defiled by the droppings of birds. A Christian missionary would have pointed to this as a proof that the idols were impotent; a Kuomintang Commissioner for the Eradication of Superstitions would probably have condemned them as insanitary. But as I looked at those calm figures, I was not so sure. The faces—what was left of them—were quietly malign, as much as to say: “You think we can’t look after ourselves? Well, perhaps we will show you what we can do to you.” I remembered the Gods of Epicurus who were indifferent to the services of human worshippers because they were kept in being by a perpetual stream of atoms ever flowing through their immortal forms. Perhaps, if one’s vision were illuminated, one would perceive that these Gods, too, neglected and dilapidated though they might appear to profane eyes, were still sufficient unto themselves and perfect after their kind. Look at those freshly charred stumps of incense-sticks, lying on the ashes in that bronze bowl. So there is somebody who still thinks it worth while to climb this steep ascent in order to win the favour or avert the displeasure of these enigmatical beings. . . .

I broke off my train of thought, for this was no time for day-dreams. Indeed, by now the day was almost gone, and we were in danger of missing the view in search of which we had made our arduous way hither. The temple-precincts were tiny and were quickly explored. Here was the *Schöne Aussicht*, from this *tingha* at the corner. (A *tingha* is a roof on columns, forming a kind of open

pavilion.) I took my stand on the outer edge of the platform on which the *tingha* stood, and looked around me. Assuredly it was good for us to be here. The view was extraordinary. From the edge of the platform the hill-side dropped down sheer, and I found myself looking across empty space at the wall of mountains opposite. The mountains were naked and tooled by the rains; and as the purple lights and shadows moved across their surfaces in the sunset, they glowed and rippled like the limbs of the giants in Watts’s “Chaos.” At their feet, the line where they rose up out of the plain was as sharp, and as lovely in its sweeps and curves, as if it had been drawn by the brush of a Chinese artist. And from that line the plain stretched away and away. The view evoked memories of distant landscapes in which I had felt the presence of other Gods. Thus, once upon a time, I had looked out over the Pomptine Marshes from the portico of the little Doric temple on the summit of Latin Cori; thus, too, I had looked out over the plain of Argos from the hill-top which, they say, was in ancient times the acropolis of Midea. But this plain of China dwarfed those plains of Italy and Greece. It seemed to extend into infinity. And how thickly the dark green plantations, which marked the villages, were embroidered over the yellow-grey surface of the land. . . .

“I can’t come to the edge,” said my companion: “I feel giddy even here.” And suddenly I lost my nerve. It came over me with a shock that anything might happen to one in this place. One might lose one’s identity. One might turn into a different person. One might turn into a beast, like the victims of Circe (I had once stood entranced on the summit of Circeii too, looking out over the Tyrrhenian Sea). One might turn, perhaps, into a Minotaur—or perhaps not even into anything terrific at all, but just into something ridiculous: perhaps into a Bottom wearing a donkey’s head. The light had gone out of the sunset and my zest for the view had gone with it. Without knowing quite when or how, I had become as eager to escape from the temple as I had lately been to reach it. “Come along,” I said. “If it is as difficult to get down as it was to get up, we shall be benighted as it is.” But this time we were agreeably surprised; for, from the moment when we turned our backs on the temple, our difficulties ceased. As we issued from the outer gate, a spur, carrying a goat-track (unnoticed in our ascent), offered a straight run down—break-neck and cruel to the feet, but speedy. The last that we saw of the temple was the birds going to roost for the night in the solitary pine-tree. (They, at any rate, were not afraid of Gods whom they treated with daily contumely.) We reached the plain quicker than would have seemed possible. In the fading light our footsteps were guided by the dry shingle-bed of a river; and we were comfortably back in the inn before it was quite dark. . . .

A few days later, in Peking, I was talking about our expedition to a Chinese friend. “I suppose you knew the temple was haunted,” he said. “Indeed I didn’t,” I replied. “What happens to one?”—“Well, it is said that if you are benighted up there and fall asleep, you are found next morning at the bottom.”—“What a pity we didn’t try the experiment,” I suggested lightheartedly. “It would have saved us risking our necks on that goat-track in the twilight. Is one wafted down on a magic carpet?” My Chinese friend looked at me curiously. “Well, not exactly,” he said. “You see, they do break your neck—at least, that is what the peasants will tell you.” As I took my leave, I found myself silently thanking my own Gods that “they” of the haunted temple had not worked their will upon my companion and me.

ARNOLD J. TOYNBEE.

KING ALBERT OF BELGIUM

By COUNT SFORZA.

IN spite of what statesmen and learned professors may think, public opinion at large is still convinced that constitutional kings have a remarkable influence on the affairs of their country. Twelve years after the Versailles Treaty, the mass of the British still point to Kaiser William as to the villain of the piece in the great tragedy of the war, while the Germans do the same for King Edward.

Truth to tell, this kind of national unanimity would tend to prove that kings ascend—or descend—to the mere value of collective symbols, thus losing all personality.

In reality, this much may be advanced without fear of courtierly exaggeration: that the advice of a judicious constitutional king may be invaluable to a Cabinet Minister. But the thing has not been so common since the species of constitutional kings has existed. In England, the birth-land of Parliaments, "dear Queen Victoria" probably wasted thousands of hours of her Ministers' time by her attempts to get back a power that had slipped her hold. She only capitulated late in life, when her dispositions were at last broken by old age and by Mr. Gladstone's inexorable sermons. What I heard more than once from Lord Oxford and from some British Ambassadors makes me believe that the diplomatic gifts of the son, Edward VII., have been rather overrated. King Edward was simply a Tory, his redeeming point being that he was a sceptical (or timid) Tory; he favoured alternately all the schemes destined to fail, just as he opposed by turns all ideas destined to success, from women's suffrage to The Hague Peace Conference. Had he had his word to say in the days of Lincoln, he would probably, like all the fashionable English people of the time, have been in favour of the Southern States against the North. Even his action for the Triple Entente was less happy than is generally believed, or was at least mingled with rashness. At the time of his first visit to Paris, his letters prove that he was only concerned with social success, or at any rate that he did not weigh the consequences that might eventually result from an excess of noise. For that matter, always, even when the central idea of his "policy" answered perfectly to the needs of the country and to the views of its statesmen, he dressed it up in too many foreign tours, too many Wiesbadens. All that became, in spite of himself, a cause of unrest in Europe. And it is not even certain that French statesmen were always sincerely enchanted with the music he played his tune to. The Triple Entente would probably have been stronger had it been less theatrical. With his genuine modesty, coupled with great tact in dealing with men, and his ability to recognize good advice, King George, his son, has probably served his country at least as efficiently—although future text-books will probably devote to him pages far shorter and more tepid than to his father.

How is it that the three Coburg Princes who have succeeded one another on the throne of Belgium, from 1830 until the present day, have shown so much more political sagacity than most of their kind? One really would be tempted to believe that the extreme psychological difficulties they had to contend with have sharpened their qualities. The Belgians over whom Leopold of Coburg came to reign until after the 1830 Revolution that made them independent from Holland, had learned, throughout the ages, but mistrust of their Princes. The Constitution that Liberals and Catholics framed in those days is stamped with three essential concerns: that of the Catholic Party, with its sanction of the most solemn guarantees for

the freedom of religion and of education; that of the Liberal Party, with its sanction of the amplest freedom of the Press and of the right of association; that of the two parties combined, to prevent the King and his Government from ever becoming dangerous. For this essentially individualistic people, King and Government were not much more than an inevitable inconvenience.

In this atmosphere, the two predecessors of Albert I. cleverly managed to make their way, Leopold I. even more so than Leopold II., whose haughty spirit would have been more at ease in the building of some Oriental Empire—and perhaps even more at the head of one of those new realms, with neither flag nor stamps, constituted by some gigantic monopoly or trust.

After the overawing personality of the founder of the Belgian Congo, public opinion was long satisfied to grant Albert, his nephew and successor, the usual qualities of courtesy, of industry, of culture, so easily attributed to a Sovereign. This perfunctory judgment would probably have stayed with him until his State Funeral, had not a terrible crisis opened the eyes of his countrymen—and of Europe. The war showed the world this rare thing: a hero sincerely surprised and shocked by applause, so honestly does he believe that it would be impossible for anybody to act differently. And this was what won him the hearts of the Belgians.

The war, the stand on the Yser, the simple dignity with which the King settled with the Queen on the last parcel of free Belgian soil, wove around them a legend that was based on fact. There were more children christened Albert and Elisabeth in occupied Belgium in a month than there had been in the five peaceful years that preceded the war.

It is in the conception and management of the battle of the Yser, in October, 1914, that King Albert's character showed up most clearly—all the more so that there, along that little stream, surrounded by his small army, it is he, and he alone, without Ministers, without Parliament, who must assume the responsibilities that will decide whether the last piece of Belgian territory will remain free or whether it will be swallowed up by the invading army. King, but simple Head of a small army, surrounded by chiefs of far more powerful armies, Sir John French with his British, Foch with the French, he only imposes himself by the cold force of reason. To Foch, an admirable chief who, when he speaks to the Allies, is sometimes tempted to believe they always need encouragement, to Foch who urges him to launch an offensive battle, the King proves that the local situation and the general interest of the allied armies require a defensive battle. He sticks to his plan, and, attacked by German forces infinitely superior to what had been foreseen by the Allied G.H.Q., he succeeds in holding out without loosening his hold on the coast—the inevitable result of an offensive battle—thus sparing the Allies the creation of a free German corridor along the sea which would probably have been fatal to them. During those days, when the existence of the Belgian army was daily threatened, the King was in all the trenches bracing everyone, calmly telling the generals that if they gave in he would have to dismiss them, ordering any officer who gave in to be replaced by an energetic soldier: a practical and reasoned heroism that contrasted sharply with the theory of advance-at-any-cost to which Joffre's General Staff sacrificed so many precious French lives during the first weeks of the war. The battle of the Yser was worth the heavy sacrifices it cost the Belgians, but all because the King alone persisted in want-

ing it defensive, behind a strong, natural line of defence, the Yser, with the left flank of the army covered by the sea—that is, by the British Navy—in case of a retreat which the King tried to avoid by all the means in his power but that might have happened nevertheless. Armies made up of citizens understand these conceptions better than one would think, and it was this unobtrusive firmness, this courageous prudence, that won to King Albert the affectionate confidence of his soldiers.

Winston Churchill back from Antwerp, whither he had gone to play the Napoleon, did not know how to define King Albert: "so curiously cool and detached," he said, "one does not know whether he has understood at all, or whether. . . ."

And there Churchill's literary talent stopped, unwilling to own a suspicion that this man, with his drawing way, had grasped things more quickly than the most brilliant Englishman.

King Albert has discovered this truth: that Kings must not be brilliant. William II. was, whom he knew so well; in a way, his relative Edward VII was. King Albert has always been on his guard against this sort of success.

When, after the retreat of the Germans, he returned to Brussels, he was welcomed with an enthusiasm unique in the annals of Belgian growlery. Aside from the joy of deliverance, the situation was difficult in Belgium as everywhere else. How often was he not urged then to emphasize his "Royal authority"—which, in practice, would simply have meant the support of certain interests against other interests.

Then, once more, this man had to decide alone—as, alone already he had had, on the Yser, to take those decisions on which depended the fate of his army.

But King Albert who may make mistakes—he has made some, and, for that matter, does not pretend to infallibility—gives one the impression that he is safe from errors sinning against the soul of Belgium. This great-grandson of German Princes knows what German obsequiousness before a king is worth; just as he knows the worth of the enthusiasm for a crowned head on the other side in France, and how long it lasts. True Belgian, he is satisfied with the respectful, but independent bow of the Belgian who takes off his hat to him in the street, thinking: He is a good fellow. . . .

Possibly, with a pride that simplicity does not preclude, but refines, he is not altogether displeased with the fact that so few people have realized the extremely interesting complexity of his nature; it is as if (beside this slack, awkward man, with his persistent youthfulness, and that bored look he wears during ceremonies, that once made an American friend of mine remark, "He reminds me of Charles Lindbergh") there was another personality that in no way contradicts the former, but completes it: the collective Coburg type, ironical, knowing the value of men's words, especially of those who proclaim themselves "loyal servants" simply in order to be themselves served by the monarchical institution. This double personality is not so rare in Kings; but what is unique, and so attractive with Albert is that the irony—which he hides so carefully, but that sometimes breaks out nevertheless, if only in a smile—the deep experience of human weakness, the sense of reality that instantly makes him see through the most deceiving formulæ, have in no way killed in him his simplicity, his moral honesty, his will to accomplish his duty simply because he stoically knows it to be the duty.

PLAYS AND PICTURES

"It's a Pity about Humanity," Arts Theatre.

AT the Arts Theatre last week Mr. Gordon Harbord presented "It's a Pity about Humanity," by Miles Mander, produced by Oliver Baldwin, with "valuable assistance" from John Hastings Turner. I should like to think of something nice to say about the entertainment (*de mortuis*, you know), but I cannot. Indeed, the correspondent who recently wanted to know what "shy-making" meant, ought to have seen this play. His curiosity would have been satisfied. As one watched it, the cheeks mantled, the toes curled. We were shown a dear old man with an income and without an aitch being refused connubial rights by his beautiful young wife. We were shown his dying of heart-failure upon the discovery of her unfaithfulness. We were shown the widow explaining lyrically to his corpse that she had been very fond of him. It was not only shy-making, it was positively shaming. Moreover, the fascinating villain had a habit of playing a "little piece" (by Macdowell, I think) to illustrate his flame. And when he approached the piano for the third time, it was more than a good-natured London audience could bear. They began to titter, and Mr. Mander, who was playing the lover himself, had the good sense, that evening, to refrain. There are advantages, after all, in entrusting the principal rôle to oneself. Mr. Mander calls his play "A dramatic study in Femininity," and he has noticed that many women enjoy changing their clothes, like making scenes, and remain in love with men they despise. But even the rare beauty of Miss Adele Dixon, who played one of these women, could not make her either real or sympathetic. The rest of the cast went through with the job manfully, and Mr. Ben Field, as the husband, gave a perfect performance, delivering the most embarrassing lines with wonderful tact.

"Suspense," Duke of York's Theatre.

The Germans are laying a mine under the dug-out, and anyone who is in that dug-out when the mine goes up is going up too. You hear the digging underground. So do the men in the dug-out. Their tension is communicated beyond the stage to the audience. That is the theme of "Suspense," and it is a theme which is obviously capable of development. But it is never developed, it only has decorations superimposed on it, and the suspense grows less and less. Just as the theme has no development it has no conclusion either, and the advance of the section of men under fire at the end of the play is utterly inconsequent. Some of them are killed, some are still alive, and it makes no difference which. The mine goes up off-stage, but by that time we are not even frightened by the bang. But some of the "decorations" to the theme are worth seeing for their own sake. Mr. Gordon Harker's "Scruffy," for instance, has no blemish. We could listen to him philosophizing for much longer than we do and still laugh uproariously, and he is on the stage nearly all the time. The other members of the cast for the dug-out party are equally adequate, in parts written with only a little less subtle observation and fun. But Mr. Robert Douglas had a difficult task to convince us with Pettigrew, the mother's-boy private. It is not the facts of his behaviour that are unbelievable; but somehow in what he has to say he is too conscious of his unconsciousness.

"Fourth Floor Heaven," Everyman Theatre.

Though Miss Hewitt's new play at the Everyman Theatre has some redeeming features, it is in general rather thin in character drawing and rather creaking in construction. The "thinness" of the characters is not due so much to the fact that they lack individual reality and observance, as that they are not related to one another, or to a general reality; in fact, for the most part they are not representatives, but "cases." Tom Ashton, a "nerves" case from the war, is believable and pathetic, but he is not really interesting, in spite of Mr. T. G. Saville's convincing performance. David Conway (Mr. Hilary Fisher White) is a possible, nice, gullible, young man, but his relations as fiancé with Stella Dallas (Miss Dorothy

Minto) are unlikely, and Miss Minto herself, in spite of her cocktails, dressing-gown and £50 cheques, has all the way to go to be "fast" enough considering some of the queer things she has to say. Mary Westwood (Miss Josephine Wilson) is the most likely and believable character in the play, and there were moments when she, not only on account of Miss Wilson's excellent acting, almost stepped over into the bounds of an absorbing reality; but these moments were usually swept away by some unlikely piece of dialogue or action.

"Rio Rita," at the Prince Edward Theatre.

All people who have the acquired taste for Old Compton Street will remember, and perhaps regret, the large draper's shop which had come in course of time to seem incongruous with its surroundings. Sunday morning is the best time to see Old Compton Street, but on Sunday morning the draper's shop was, of course, closed, and the life of the streets went on—largely in felt slippers—around its drawn gingham. But on week-days it was open. A large shop and a very deep one from front to back! The kind of shop that should be kept by someone earnest and eminent among the Wesleys! A shop, much given to calico and other pious and evangelical goods which contrasted strongly with the Graves and Chianti, the *hors d'œuvres* and macaroni in which Old Compton Street abounds, and in which there is no relish of salvation. The shop has now gone, and, in its place, there is one of those new dramatic palaces, built, this one, in brick and for the present the colour of wallflowers, and lighted inside with marvellous subtlety and sophistry. "Rio Rita," with which this new theatre opens, is a return to that kind of musical comedy which was much in vogue before the days of the *revue*. There is a plot evolved out of the politics of some foreign exotic State and against this dark background of plot and counter-plot, some kind of a love-story flutters like a butterfly at the mouth of a cannon. It is most luxuriously put on the stage, and so many people can be seen co-operating—nearly thirty men in the ranks of the chorus—that the mind is staggered by the economics of the undertaking, and one falls a-calculating how many stalls must be taken to pay for all this. But the evening which "Rio Rita" gives is a good one, and is much assisted by the voice of Miss Edith Day, the humour of Mr. George Gee, and the miraculous precision of those Alexander Oumansky Dancers—some twenty girls with but a single pair of flashing limbs.

"B. J. One," Globe Theatre.

Commander Stephen King-Hall's naval war-play "B. J. One" is, indeed, hardly a play; it is rather a very interesting lecture, illustrated with dialogue. But, though not dramatic in the sense of having a plot (still less a love interest), the dialogue is itself, at moments, both dramatic and intensely exciting, and well spiced with comic relief. The Prologue, set in a night-club at Kiel in the summer before the War, shows a German and an English naval officer drinking and discussing, on the friendliest terms; Act I. is in the Operation Room at the Admiralty on the eve of the Battle of Jutland; Act II. on the bridge of a light cruiser, with all hands at "B. J. One" (Action) stations, during the battle; Act III. in the private office of a Sheffield steelworks in 1929. The action of the whole is bound together by the relations of the two officers of the prologue. In Act II. the German officer is rescued by the light cruiser in which is the English officer, and in Act III. they meet again as the respective heads of important German and English steel firms, who have come together in an attempt to form an International Steel Cartel to combat by co-operation the effects of post-war over-production. It is with this idea of the War and its economic results that Commander King-Hall has been concerned, rather than with producing a photographically realistic naval war-play, and, though the staging of the battle-scene in Act II. is extraordinarily vivid and ingenious—and the acting and atmosphere are excellent throughout—even if the dialogue is a little tedious at times, it is this wider conception which gives "B. J. One" its interest.

Liberal Musical and Dramatic Union's Matinée, Daly's.

The Liberal Musical and Dramatic Union, among whose aims is "an alliance between politics and art in the hope that some day a Liberal Government will be in the position to give the country National and Civic Theatres, a National Opera, and National Concert Halls," gave on Tuesday of last week a nicely assorted quartette of one-act plays before an appreciative audience, with the happy result, so we were informed by Sir Nigel Playfair, the Union's President, that some £100 was added to its banking account. We began with Mr. Giles Playfair's now familiar "K.C.'s Comedy," based on Mr. Leonard Merrick's story "The Bishop's Comedy," in which Miss Renée de Vaux repeated her delicious performance of the wife of a legal luminary who thinks her husband as dull as others think him marvellous. Then came a rather indefinite study in hysteria called "The Door," by Miss Ruth Landa, with the author and Mr. Leslie Mitchell—a highly promising young actor—in the chief parts. After that "Count Albany," a pleasing but "all-talking" Bonnie Prince Charlie comedy by Mr. Donald Carswell, whose courageously modern dialogue is to be commended, though perhaps the phrase "dirty dog" was carrying things too far. This was brilliantly acted by Mr. Arthur Wontner as the Prince, Miss Mary Clare as Clementina Walkinshaw, Mr. Eugene Leahy as the Cardinal Duke of York, and Mr. Donald Wolfitt as his servant. Then "The Coffee Stall," a somewhat cryptic incursion into the realms of the *commedia dell'arte* from the pen of Miss M. E. Forwood. And so to cocktails.

* * *

Things to see and hear in the coming week:—

Saturday, April 19th.—

"She Stoops to Conquer," at the Lyric, Hammersmith.

"Down Our Street," at the Vaudeville.

Revival of "The Calendar," at the Lyceum.

Monday, April 21st.—

Ibsen's "Ghosts," at the Everyman.

Shakespeare Festival opens, Stratford-on-Avon.

Tuesday, April 22nd.—

"Hamlet," at the Haymarket (April 22nd and 25th).

Mr. G. Lowes Dickinson, on "Goethe," the Wireless (London Regional), 8.30.

Professor Lascelles Abercrombie, on "Rupert Brooke," the Wireless, 9.20.

Wednesday, April 23rd.—

"Debonair," at the Lyric.

Solomon, Recital, Wigmore Hall, 8.15.

A Discussion on Happiness, between Miss V. Sackville-West and Mr. Harold Nicolson, the Wireless, 8.15.

Thursday, April 24th.—

Alida Klemantaski, reading poems by Michael Field, Poetry Bookshop, 6.

OMICRON.

MOUNTAIN AND VALLEY

Come down, O, mountain spirit,
The valley spirit invites;
But she comes not down, for the ~~rowan~~
Is pale with fire on the heights.

Come down, O, mountain spirit,
The beam of the sun is sped;
But when twilight grows in the valley
The mountain arum is red.

Come down, O, mountain spirit,
Night in the valley gropes;
But the rosebay has warmed her body
All night on the slopes.

Come down, O, mountain spirit,
The valley spirit invites;
But the red buck deer has passed her
With sombre gleam on the heights.

LYLE DONAGHY.

THE WORLD OF BOOKS

ANNALS OF THE FINE ARTS

FOR those who are aware of vast abysses opening to receive them when æsthetic specialists begin to formulate, there is still a pleasant and solid world of artistic discussion,—the Lives of the Painters, and the part played by painting in public life. It is unnecessary to comprehend what theories may win or lose in order to be attracted to the works and days of artists, to the Turner who tears out pages from his sketch-book for sailing a little boy's boat, to the Wilkie who by using asphaltum unconsciously dooms all the colour that he has gladly created. On this side of the case, the books of Mr. William T. Whitley are much to be commended. J. T. Smith and Allan Cunningham would salute his skill in obtaining anecdote and detail alike of separate biography and broad artistic history. Having annotated the progress of painting here in previous books as far as the year 1820, Mr. Whitley proceeds in "Art in England, 1821-1837" (Cambridge University Press, 25s.), to the Victorian era; and again he gives us his collection of unfamiliar records in a clear and steady style. His information is extraordinarily abundant; he has explored the newspapers of his period, and some unpublished correspondence.

* * *

The question of patronage, still, perhaps, not to be despised, was at that time very prominent. There was a reasonable feeling that the character and balance of English society were shifting, and anxiety reigned in many breasts. It is not unsymbolical that the last episode in Mr. Whitley's book, in the year 1837, is the death of that wonderful friend of contemporary art, Lord Egremont. Many other noblemen survived, to continue his tradition, but not with his completeness. It would be now necessary to promote the enthusiasm for owning pictures among other types; and so we find, for instance, the LONDON JOURNAL of about this date addressing "the lawyer, engaged all day, with half-troubled indifference in stranger quarrels,—the dry-working banker, the heated politician, the anxious capitalist . . . , all ye who struggle, and gain and lose money, and feeling, and happiness in this vast black city," on the virtue and benefit of purchasing a David Cox or a Copley Fielding.

* * *

The kind of pictures urged upon the notice of the middle class also leads one to a point; the era 1821-1837 witnessed, on the whole, the defeat of the attempt to make England the home of spacious historical pictures. The notion of hugeness was one of the dreams of the early nineteenth century. "My name is Ozymandias" was a voice to which many lent an ear, among them Keats: "Hear ye not the hum of mighty workings?" But immense pictures and massive sculptures had no real chance here. "The English aristocracy," writes Lytton in 1833, "wealthy as they are, like to live in angular drawing-rooms thirty feet by twenty-eight, they have no vast halls and long-drawn galleries; if they buy large pictures, they have no place wherein to hang them. It is absurd to expect them to patronize the grand historical school, unless we insist upon their living in grand historical houses."

* * *

Among those gentlemen to whom this situation was of considerable moment, our old friend B. R. Haydon—one of the figures of Mr. Whitley's book—was conspicuous. While the new age marched on, decisively making for the England of 1930 or something quite like it but better educated, Haydon did his best to drown the band. Driven from his conviction that Englishmen should all own gigantic paintings of their forefathers in splendid action, he had other arguments. A scarce pamphlet before me illustrates the last stand of this magniloquent tableau-man; it is dated

1825, and though anonymous bears his signature twice. (Once was not in Haydon's nature.) It is called "The National Obstacle to the National Public Style Considered: Observations on the Probable Decline or Extinction of British Historical Painting, from the Effects of the Church Exclusion of Paintings." It is a tremendous harangue, in the course of which the name Haydon is often boomed out, with sad allusions to "the gripe of bailiffs, and the verge of a prison."

* * *

A painter of designs more prodigious than Haydon's, John Martin, is naturally encountered among Mr. Whitley's ghosts. Wilkie is with him, praising "Belshazzar's Feast," and observing that in the same exhibition there are others "in a small way good," including a landscape by John Crome. "Wilkie little thought that a hundred years afterwards the work of Crome would find an honoured place among the masters in a National Gallery that could find no room for a picture by Martin." But almost everyone regarded Martin as immortal. "I hasten to Martin," says Lytton in his "England and the English," "the greatest, the most lofty, the most permanent, the most original genius of his age. I see in him, as I have before said, the presence of a spirit which is not of the world—the divine intoxication of a great soul lapped in majestic and unearthly dreams. . . . He has compassed the Infinite itself with mathematical precision." It was for Lamb to point out how Martin had not quite carried out this peculiar feat, and where his remarkable constructions must collapse; but still one can understand the passion of the period for the man who multiplied the satraps, the flambeaux, the pinnacles, the precipices, the earthquakes, and the fires from heaven.

* * *

The indecency of Etty was a favourite theme of the period. To us there is none. To his critics, he appeared almost as wicked as "the late P. B. Shelly," and Mr. Whitley reprints entertaining vituperations from the TIMES and the OBSERVER. One thing can be said for the attack: it was lively. Word-weariness had not then crept over the wits of journalists. Nor should one turn aside with the idea that the age consisted solely of Mrs. Grundies. After Etty's "Venus and her Satellites" had been condemned ("A brothel on fire, which had driven all the Paphian nymphs out from their beds into the courtyard, would be a modest exhibition compared to this, for they would at least exhibit *en chemise*"), a Shropshire clergyman bought it. Moreover, Etty stayed with him, and "painted a portrait of Archdeacon Bather for the local clergy."

* * *

It is from the period under Mr. Whitley's reviewal that we inherit the National Gallery, and he has gone closely into the negotiations between the Government and J. J. Angerstein which resulted in that institution. He states, what is indeed curious, that the opening of the Gallery at 100, Pall Mall, was hardly noticed by the newspapers or the diarists. What is almost as strange is that Constable was opposed to the innovation. He feared it would overwhelm the originality of British artists. Ten years passed without discernible ill-effects, and the foundation-stone of the new National Gallery was laid at Charing Cross. A model of the proposed building (and of Trafalgar Square) was opened in King William Street. Angry noises went up from the SPECTATOR and elsewhere against the mysterious preference of Wilkins as the architect. The ATHENÆUM, not feeling the same distrust, was rewarded by being permitted by the architect to publish an engraved elevation of the National Gallery—a rare luxury for its awe-stricken readers.

EDMUND BLUNDEN.

REVIEWS

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST

The Face of the Land (The Year Book of the Design and Industries Association). Edited by H. H. P. and N. L. C. With an Introduction by CLOUGH WILLIAMS-ELLIS. (Allen & Unwin. 7s. 6d.)

THIS book is a mirror of the moment. It shows England yielding to the sorties from her cities. For the citizens have broken out at last, and the country stands with the jerry-builder and the advertiser on the one hand, and the careful planner, with his sheer white curves and angles, his grass plots, on the other. She awaits her fate while they fight it out between them. The scales are hesitant yet.

"The Face of the Land" may one day be a unique record of that contest, whatever its outcome is to be. About half the book is devoted to illustrations. Photographs stand side by side in eloquent contrast: the old road and the new, avenues commemorative of battles long ago, like wedding arches, and scars where avenues have been; hoardings, bungalows.

The dust-cover is a photographic précis of the book. Every eyesore in the kingdom seems to have been gathered in an angular jumble, with, over and beyond it, virgin country stately with bridge and church lying helpless before the predestined assault. Never before, surely, have men realized how clamorous the silence of the printed word can be. Here they all are; the Little Liver Pills without which no railway carriage view would be complete, the British Oak Shag which pursues one into even the remotest villages; not to mention the man made of motor tyres so arrogantly signalling one to stop, nor the comic cat (disturbingly like Mr. Strube's idea of the average citizen) announcing *Teas*, nor the house that goggles at one like an octopus by reason of a great pair of spectacles stuck on to it to indicate that optical things are to be had below. One seems to remember such grimaces in nursery books as one sat on the lap of a grown-up who explained what it was all about. Are we now in our second childhood? Soon, it seems, our roads are to be every one of them one long comic strip.

In contrast to this, Mr. Clough Williams-Ellis, in his introduction, quotes Geoffrey of Monmouth's picture of an England that used to be:—

"Meadows hath she, set in pleasant places, green at the foot of misty mountains wherein be sparkling well-springs, clear and bright, flowing forth with gentle awwhispering ripple in shining streams that sing sweet lullaby unto them that lie upon their banks. Watered is she, moreover . . . by three noble rivers, Thames, to wit, Severn and Humber, the which she stretcheth forth as it were three arms whereby she taketh in the traffic from overseas, brought hither from every land in her fleets."

The commercial touch in the end of that sounds like the first far rumble of the thunder that is full upon us to-day, with its lightning of slogans.

Mr. Williams-Ellis stands on a modern concrete road among the pylons and considers its "immense and largely unnecessary traffic." He admits that the new road had to be, even if only to allow us to rush quickly up and down for fun. An instrument of speed is useless if it cannot be used speedily. One day, perhaps, a real reason will be found for it. At present we are rather like schoolboys exulting. For though we travel faster we spend much more time in travelling than did our forefathers; that is, sitting vacantly at a steering wheel when they would have been at tea with friends just down the road, or reading or playing music.

All city-folk are week-enders to-day, and this book shows that the more they pursue the country, hungry for Nature, the more it eludes them. Bungalows, petrol pumps, hoardings spring up; they follow the motorist like a plague. They are the dust of his city, and he shakes it off upon the fields. But new things need not be ugly, and there are petrol pumps shown here which, though they look rather like temples to some new Eastern faith, at least are not ramshackle, and have mown grass before them. Government control of all development is strongly urged here, even to the extent of a tax on hoardings, the prosecution of the anti-litter campaign against the large industrialists, the

slag-heapers and dumpers as much as against the picnickers. It is suggested that the "art of life" be taught in schools, and a Ministry of Amenity instituted. Alas, that we must be so self-conscious in appreciation of our land. But grim as the terms of controlled development sound, the policy of *laissez-faire* appears worse. That was the past way, and made our villages and little towns the pleasant jumble of old roofs they are. And the almshouse was the ancient bungalow. But apparently it won't do to-day.

One is inclined to wonder, after looking at this book, what is the chief cause of the modern ugliness. Probably it is the use of materials that the age has invented, of the pastel-coloured asbestos kind; and roofing felts; and corrugated tin, a sign of the times in every village.

Shoddiness is vile to look on, but solidity does not necessarily solve the problem, it seems. The Victorians built solidly, and are not the more praised for it, and no doubt thought they were doing the thing proudly when they built Ealing Common Station, as shown in the photograph. They had no more misgiving than we have when the Underground Railway to-day puts up something like a Babylonian villa at Morden.

As an example of what can be done the banks lead the way. All their recent buildings are good to look on and in harmony with their surroundings. One had almost forgotten what a pleasant building the Tivoli Cinema in London was till one saw this photograph of it before it was smothered with signs. Nor can the inn on the whole be grumbled at, except that it has lost its local character, belongs to a trust, and is a kind of home from home to the motorist, giving him just what he has left behind him in town, and insulating him from the real country. For there is still a real country on either side of the motor-way when one has time to look. The ground is tilled; there are farms that have not become Corinna's Old World Tea Gardens, land that is not valuable building sites, worth but £3 per acre, and cottages that fall down for want of anybody to live in them, and that under a hundred miles from London.

Pylons go striding across the land; yet they have a spidery beauty of their own. We are shown also the pure curve of a modern bridge. But hoardings are the bane. Their repetitions become voices in the mind proclaiming dread commercial Utopia; faces of brutal happiness beset us all along the approaches of the town, whose vista is crowned by a kind of devil's coronet that the gas-works have.

ADRIAN BELL.

TIGER OR TOM-CAT?

Grandeur and Misery of Victory. By GEORGES CLEMENCEAU. (Harrap. 21s.)

EVERYONE knows that Clemenceau was nicknamed "the Tiger," and there is a passage in this book which shows that he was proud of the name. To judge by the book itself it was a misnomer. There is something grand, wild, and melancholy in the voice of wild beasts, even in the leopard huffing and coughing through the jungle at night, and the insane howling of jackals in the moonlit desolation of scrub. There is something in the tone of the late M. Clemenceau's voice which the jackal himself, a much maligned if lowly beast, let alone the magnificent tiger, would be justified in repudiating indignantly. I respect the frank confession of madness in the jackal's voice and his passionate despair about the moon; from the point of view of the practical man, it may all be very silly, but at least it is not mean or ignoble. In the voice of the tom-cat howling in a London square, perverted by the civilization which comes to those who spend their lives searching for old scraps of fish in galvanized iron dust-bins, you may hear a very different note, more sophisticated, less silly, but—to anyone sensitive to the dignity of the brute creation—painfully ignoble. You may hear the same note in the late M. Clemenceau's voice, and that is what makes his last book extremely painful.

It is a dreary book, and if one were not so accustomed to the littleness and stupidity of great men, it would be surprising. Something should, perhaps, be attributed to old age which sometimes gives a man new wisdom, but more

often increases his natural stupidity, for it is hardly possible to believe that even a great statesman could always have been as stupid as Clemenceau shows himself in this book. A considerable part of it is occupied with a mean little quarrel between Clemenceau and Foch, and another mean little quarrel between Clemenceau and Poincaré. These quarrels are as purely personal as those of the tom-cats, though there is no reason to believe that they have the sexual origin which is, at any rate, some justification in the case of the cats. But like the quarrels of cats, they do seem to spring from jealousy, the jealousy of politicians who cannot bear to hear anyone praised but themselves. Clemenceau seeks to prove that Foch was a vain, intriguing man who thought primarily of his own career and fame; a stupid politician; a not particularly good general. No doubt, all this is true, but the way in which Clemenceau conducts the controversy with his dead opponent does not convince one that Clemenceau himself was essentially different from Foch. The only thing to be said in Clemenceau's favour is that Foch began the quarrel by posthumously attacking him. However, as the victorious general and the victorious statesman are now happily both dead and buried, it may be hoped that their quarrel, over who really won the victory and who is to be blamed for it, may also be left for dead and buried. It has no historical interest.

The rest of the book is concerned with a question of great historical interest—the peace settlement. Unfortunately even here it is terribly dreary and depressing. Clemenceau at one time was a skilled journalist, and made his reputation by the bitterness of his tongue and pen and his ability to make phrases. Even in his old age he had not quite lost all his skill or forgotten all the tricks of his trade. Occasionally in his description of other "great men" at the Peace Conference, he looses an arrow with something of his old adroit malignancy. "President Wilson would disquiet an interlocutor by a smile like a benevolent wolf." "M. Poincaré kept silence only when he thought himself in danger of being listened to." But though he is nearly always malignant, he is very rarely adroit. The whole book shows signs of senility. There is a façade of tigerism, but the argument meanders and repeats itself interminably. What makes it so dreary and depressing is its stupidity, the total lack of ability to grasp the facts or to learn by experience. Clemenceau's thesis is the old "French" thesis that the whole peace settlement should be directed to prevent Germany attacking France. It is assumed that the Germans are the only imperialist nation in Europe, and that the whole German nation is still concentrating upon the one object of revenging itself upon an unaggressive and disarmed France. The pre-war system of armed alliances is the only sensible method of international relations to be considered by practical statesmen. The League of Nations is a ridiculous, academic sham and delusion. Nothing has changed since 1870, and nothing ever will change. Of course, a "practical" statesman will know how to tone down his public statements of these eternal "facts," and will pay lip-service to the ideals of such ideologists as President Wilson, who talk of a peace of justice and a League of Nations, but he will not alter his policy. He may even see that such desirable things as a permanent occupation of Germany are not attainable. But he will not alter his policy; he will never acknowledge the facts of history; he will never in any circumstances learn by experience. If facts prove your policy to be absurd and impossible, you must not change your policy; all you have to do is to blame your successors, M. Poincaré, M. Briand, M. Millerand, for betraying it, for allowing the treaty to be "mutilated," for not making Germany pay. Or you can blame the English or the Americans. The Germans, of course, you always blame.

The sheer stupidity of mind revealed by this book would be remarkable, if one were not, as I said, so accustomed to it in great statesmen. Perhaps one of the chief lessons of history is that human beings will not entrust their affairs on a large scale to anyone who has not proved that he possesses a certain adamant stupidity. Here is Clemenceau in 1929 still repeating the stale war imbecilities about General Bernhardt, still believing that the war was "let loose for

no overt reasons," still insisting that that very system shall be re-established in Europe which let loose the war. Really it is difficult to believe that such a standard of intelligence differs materially from that of the tom-cats howling in the square.

LEONARD WOOLF.

FOUR NOVELS

Here is Thy Victory. By IRIS BARRY. (Elkin Mathews. 7s. 6d.)

Three Daughters. By JANE DASHWOOD. (Murray. 7s. 6d.)

A True Story. By STEPHEN HUDSON. (Constable. 8s. 6d.)

The Three Marys. By FREDERICK NIVEN. (Collins. 7s. 6d.)

THE ripeness and richness in "Here is Thy Victory" brings to mind an English orchard laden with sound, ripe fruit; even wizened old Potter hangs tenaciously to the tree of life, desiccates rather than rots. This is a pleasant company of wholesome human beings who have, somehow or other, escaped the devastation of post-war disintegration. The story unfolds naturally, it shows life as distinct from the stage or the talkies. Mr. Griffiths, a Registrar of births, deaths, and marriages, realizes with growing uneasiness that he has not recorded a death for days. Before long other people are awed by the knowledge that the Angel of Death has forsaken them. The old vicar voices their fears:—

"I stand before you . . . the servant of Heaven and a very tired and rather frightened old man. God has thought good to lay His hand on this country of ours with a strange blessing, so that none may die. My children, I am afraid."

This terror grows in intensity until it overshadows the country, people are obsessed by an uncontrollable fear. Their daily prayers have been for life, but when death has lost its inevitability they are as frightened as birds and animals are during the cold blackness of the sun's eclipse.

There is sureness in Miss Barry's writing, sanity in her outlook, and the sympathy which comes of understanding in the delineation of her characters. A distinguished and enjoyable book.

In "Three Daughters" we get a glimpse into the late Victorian past as bewildering in the freedom of these modern days as a countryman's first sight of the lights of London. Those were the good old times when a girl must marry or be an everlasting reproach to her mother, when maids toiled up and down stairs at the ringing of a bell. This gallery of portraits fascinates by its awesome life-likeness; its effect is to make us resent the present day less. One feels, in the latter part of the book, that at least a generation has been skipped, that the three daughters must have slept through the Edwardian years and wakened up sometime after the Great War, that when Miss Dashwood casts her net into modernity, she has not quite the necessary patience or sympathy to realize what her catch signifies. Still, the picture of Victorian times is superb. One sees again the sleeky, well-matched carriage horses slowly prancing through Mayfair.

The largeness of Mr. Hudson's canvas is admirable, though his is the genius of the tapestry-worker rather than that of the painter. The design is drawn, but the work remains unfinished. The rich, subsidiary, enfolded pattern has tempted him to his undoing. Faithfully has he worked at his background, stitched into life with consummate artistry the men and women that inhabit the outer world of his hero. The most important character, Richard Kurt's mother, important because of her influence upon her son, remains unworked, left perhaps until last because that was to be the *chef d'œuvre*, and then not done at all. We divine just enough of her to feel that there may be some truth in the old saying that "a man chooses a woman for his wife who most resembles the mother he adores." There appears very little to choose between the characters of Richard's wife and mother, though the passionate devotion of the elder Kurt to his wife helps to disarm criticism. The Virginias of this world undoubtedly exist, this husky beauty disports herself in many vignettes, finished to the last stitch. It does not seem credible that a married man could be so gullible as Richard is made to appear in several identical erotic experiences. Richard's father and uncle are drawn with faithful lovingness, the fidelity of their relation-

ship is beautiful; it is one of the tragedies of the book that Fred Kurt, understanding both his brother and his brother's son, failed to make them understand each other. "A True Story" is a long book, but its chief fault is that it is not longer; we feel that we have not yet got the whole story.

"The Three Marys" is a vivid and interesting tale. Robert Barclay, son of a drunken father and dying mother, was sent from Peru to be brought up in Scotland; here he was entrusted to the kindly care of an old servant. Mr. Niven's descriptions give us the pleasure that we get from a Japanese print. Those who have seen rain depicted by a Japanese artist will be grateful for: "The train ran into rain, lances of it, an etching of silver lines, aslant, across a grey-gold land." The people in this book are vital. The death of Robert is to be deplored, not because the book ends on this note of tragedy, but because we are conscious of losing a man whose destiny is of moment to us, though even in his death there is the note of inevitability that proclaims the artist in the author.

KATHLEEN C. TOMLINSON.

LORD MELBOURNE

Lord Melbourne. By BERTRAM NEWMAN. (Macmillan. 12s. 6d.)

IN nineteenth-century Whig policy, it is the men of pride and prejudice, Grey and Durham, who have the ear of recent historians. Melbourne, the man of sense and sensibility, exemplifies the unfashionable half of the Whig temperament. That unhappy catch-phrase of his—"Why not leave it alone?"—gave even his contemporaries an indelible pattern of weakness and indolence, and a biographer can but protest now that he did not always live down to its implications. Sydney Smith certainly admired Melbourne's diligence no less than his honesty, while remarking "a permissiveness and good humour which in public men has seldom been exceeded."

Against this portmanteau quality of negativity must be

set his freedom from humbug. A Prime Minister who can tell charity-mongers that he is "not a subscribing sort of fellow," and assure an Archbishop that all the most civilized countries have always tolerated slavery, cannot be considered wholly pliable, unless desire of money or office makes him so. Melbourne's disinterestedness was never questioned, but, like more recent politicians who have reached the Premiership late in life, he lacked the ambition for a positive policy, and was a little afraid of disloyalty to any one of a dozen barely reconcilable colleagues. He became in consequence a trimmer, but a trimmer in whom ability and conscientiousness took unusual proportions.

A purely political biography of such a man would be both dull and tortuous. Mr. Newman's work is clear and far from dull even on the political side, but only because he deviates with recurrent gusto. Brougham appears cantering the Great Seal round Scotland in a postchaise; Melbourne himself is caught speculating to Queen Victoria upon the habits of the royal cat. "I wonder," he said, "if lapping is a pleasant sensation; for that is a thing we have never felt." Such blandness did not obstruct his bluntness (he once refused a dull Scottish peer the Thistle for fear "he would eat it"), but it belies his recent portrait by the social historians as a labourer-walloping reactionary.

He needed, no doubt, considerable personal tolerance for a private life embittered as much by an imbecile son as by the exaggerated exploits of his wife. Lady Caroline Lamb has been discussed sufficiently of late in her relations with Byron, and nothing fresh appears here except perhaps a perspective of Byron's "real malignancy." She was, it is clear, by no means untalented. Her husband taught her Greek, and she was said to be accomplished in French, in Italian, in caricature, and in music. She might in theory have shared his unusually wide intellectual life. There was, however, no bond of common sense or common temperament; Melbourne's confession to Queen Victoria that he liked things tranquil and stable had quite as much personal as political meaning. Lady Caroline was pre-eminently unstable and untranquil, though she retained her affection for

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her partner. The rather priggish portrait of him in her novel "Glenarvon" may be supplemented by a poem sent to the composer Nathan, from which Mr. Newman quotes two delicious lines:—

"Oh, I adore thee, William Lamb,
But hate to hear thee say, 'God damn.'"

Queen Victoria herself could have said no better.

Mr. Newman selects well, and the whole biography is sane and readable. He often perorates and sometimes lapses; his characters are inclined to "figure prominently" and "turn involuntarily," to "scrutinize features" and to "reach dizzy heights." But he has a good sense of the period, and his most important lack is an index.

H. D. ZIMAN.

"STARTING UP INTO NIGHTMARE"

New Plays from Japan. Translated by YOZAN T. IWASAKI and GLENN HUGHES. (Benn. 8s. 6d.)

Japan in the World To-Day. By ARTHUR J. BROWN. (Williams & Norgate. 12s. 6d.)

THE phrase at the head of this review was once applied by D. H. Lawrence to China and Japan, and indicates the present bewilderment of those lands. Japan's effort to be up-to-date has been so sudden and violent that there is no ground for surprise in the discovery of a strong emotional reaction towards the past, a hankering for feudal splendours and ethics. Most of the plays and films produced in Japan, most of the newspaper serials and other daydreams, are concerned with historical scenes and characters of local interest. The traditional popular theatre, the *kabuki*, flourishes as never before, and both playwright and playgoer, surrounded with all the unknown devils of transition, usually fly for safety to the known devils of yore. But among the new dramatists, brave spirits here and there have professed faith in Ibsen and Strindberg, Shaw and O'Neill, have striven to profit by those examples, and have actually been able, at the Tsukiji Little Theatre in Tokyo, and by means of print and the wireless, to get their ideas a place in the popular imagination. None of the three dramatists in "New Plays" is quite so successful as Kikuchi Kan, but to two of them time may be kinder. Arishima died in a love-pact in 1923; Suzuki died of consumption; Mushakoji, with naive Utopian ideas, still lives. Each is represented here by one play. Suzuki's "Burning Her Alive" is very short and sadistic; Mushakoji's, written in 1909, gives a too rosy picture of the modern weakening of parental tyranny; Arishima's, the longest and best, is called "Death," and is a mixture of realism and allegory, deeply felt and really moving, dealing with the emotions of a man whose wife is dying. It is to be hoped that these plays will be bought and read, if only because modern Japanese literature does not have nearly the outside attention it deserves. It is easy to find fault with the Japanese, but their writings must be respected as the offerings of a people who combine strength and delicacy. Some publisher ought to find it worth while to produce a series of translations, ranging, say, from Futabatei and Tsubouchi to the latest efforts of the "Proletarian" school. That would be more of a service to humanity than adding one more to the countless expositions, parrot-like and partisan, of "conditions," such as is contained in Dr. Brown's depressing "Japan in the World To-Day." His book will no doubt be welcomed by the American missionaries in the Far East, for it exactly reflects their point of view, magnifies their importance, quotes their opinions, and does everything possible to justify their existence. It contains a certain amount of accurate information, as any effective piece of propaganda must, and will no doubt help to quicken the rapid Americanization of Japan. It is a book in which all the culture, gentleness, originality, and other essential characteristics of the Japanese are minimized, ignored, or disapproved of, and which seeks in fact the consummation in their country of a mystic marriage of the Y.M.C.A. and the Middle West. No wonder the Japanese now spend so much time in looking back with vain longing to their past.

WILLIAM PLOMER.

MYTHS NEW AND OLD

The Lore of the Unicorn. By ODELL SHEPARD. (Allen & Unwin. 25s.)

The Magic of the Stars. By MAURICE MAETERLINCK. Translated by ALFRED SUTRO. (Allen & Unwin. 6s.)

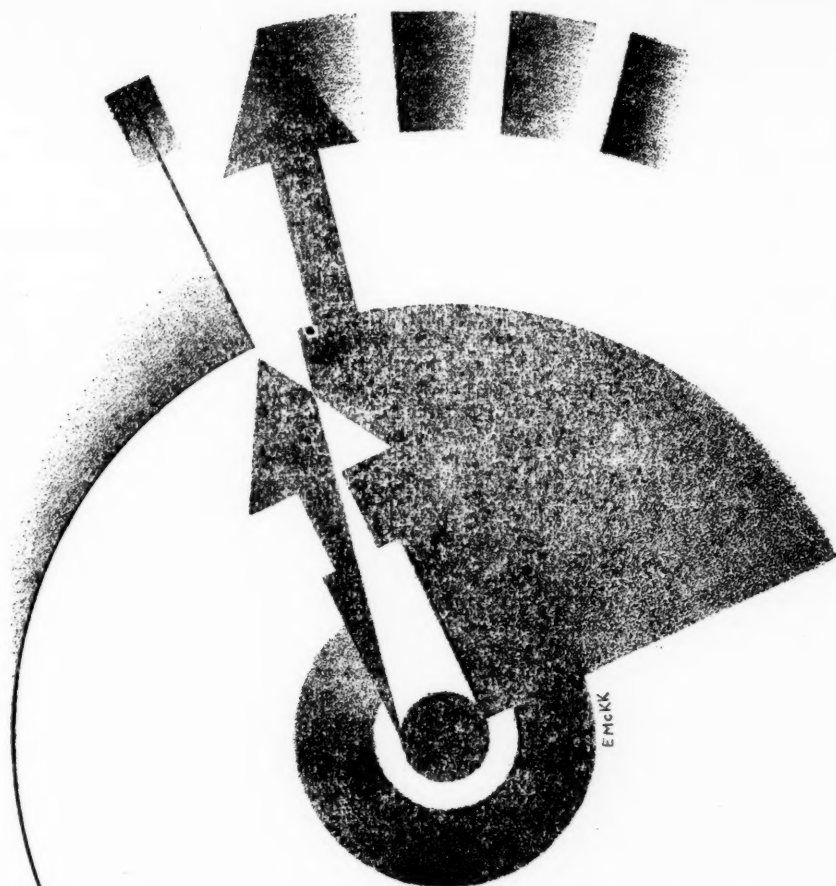
Myths of the Origin of Fire. By SIR J. G. FRAZER. (Macmillan. 12s. 6d.)

It is better to build a faith than to destroy it. The existence of the unicorn is established all the more firmly by the very multiplicity of the theories which might be advanced to explain it away. The unicorn has lived for over 2,000 years both as fact and fancy, as substance and symbol, but Mr. Shepard is not concerned either to prove or disprove its actuality. Born out of the vague East, the unicorn played an intimate part in the Christian mysteries, dipped its horn in the drinking-cup of every prince of Europe and, with the help of its arch-enemy, the lion, supported the Royal Arms of England. Quite recently it was all but run to earth by a Major Latter, whom after seven years it finally eluded. Wiser but, as he admits, more "absurd" than Major Latter, Mr. Shepard has gone a-hunting the unicorn, not on the plains of Tibet, but in the archives of a library. He has not succeeded in bringing the actual animal struggling into some commonplace museum, but the best that has ever been said or thought or dreamt he has garnered into his delightful book, "The Lore of the Unicorn." It is a book not only for the curious to browse upon, but for all who under Mr. Shepard's skilled leadership wish to join in the "holy hunt" for that beautiful and sagacious beast.

One sentence in Mr. Shepard's book is to our present purpose. In defending Andrea Bacci, one of the true believers, he says: "Men of Bacci's stamp did not draw back from this or that belief about Nature because it was too wonderful; they were too well informed, too cultivated and intellectual, one may as well say too scientifically minded, for that. Wonderful things were precisely what they expected from Nature, just as marvels have been expected, and therefore found, by those minds of our own time that have conceived the answering universes of the atom and of outer space." These latter-day wonders are the subject of Maeterlinck's book, "The Magic of the Stars." Maeterlinck is no more concerned than Odell Shepard to explain away myth into matter. Rather with him it is the reverse. The electron may be material, yet there is no more perfect symbol of spirit than "this radiant, indefatigable, immortal energy." The universe may be material, yet there are countless influences, "spiritual pressures," between planet and planet, between one solar system and another. These conceptions are based on no false hypothesis, no religious or transcendental sentiment, but on the facts as far as they are known to us and on the deductions which the greatest scientific minds have made from those facts.

Once man has dimly realized the extent of cosmic law, he can no longer make God in his own image. "Surely," says Maeterlinck, "God is the universe; the universe which is, above all, infinite space and illimitable time: in other words, eternity." This is not so facile nor so evasive a conclusion as it might at first appear in quotation and without the knowledge of the stars behind it. This knowledge Maeterlinck gives us, and there can be no better introduction than this book before one turns to the individual works of the astro-physicists, the astronomers, and the mathematician-philosophers. It is a survey, excellently told, and yet with a thesis of its own. The spiritual comfort that it gives may be cold comfort, but then it requires courage to be a mystic.

Mythology is the result of man's thought going beyond the "stubborn irreducible facts." Maeterlinck questioning the spirit is one with the primitive man questioning the fire. Both find an answer in the stars. "It is not," says Sir J. G. Frazer, "for the philosopher or the naturalist to cast stones at the glass-houses of his predecessor the myth-maker." In his book, "Myths of the Origin of Fire," Sir J. G. Frazer has collected tales which reveal the ingenuity of the primitive mind in explaining the phenomenon of fire. He has marked a first step in "the intellectual evolution of our



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species," and his book is in a sense complementary to Maeterlinck's. The former breaks down a prehistoric sense of awe, which the latter recreates for our more modern times. We learn that we have only enlarged the scope of what is awe-inspiring, and we can take no greater pride of place within the universe than could the primitive man within the tribe. We console ourselves with the fruits of the mind, delighting in the interest we have in the unicorn as "a denizen of the Monarch Thought's dominions." We begin to realize that the best of our "systems, mythical, philosophical, scientific," will one day take a place in the history of the human mind as fantastic and as entertaining as that now held by the fire-myths of our primitive forefathers. Sir J. G. Frazer's book, and likewise "The Lore of the Unicorn" and "The Magic of the Stars" make wholesome and yet vastly interesting reading.

JAMES THORNTON.

"LET HIM ROAR AGAIN"

The Roaring Veldt. By GRETCHEN CRON. (Putnam. 21s.)

Jungle Gods. By CARL VON HOFFMAN. (Constable. 10s.)

Man Hunting in the Jungle: The Search for Colonel Fawcett. By G. M. DYOTT. (Arnold. 12s. 6d.)

Forest Life and Adventures in the Malay Archipelago. By ERIC MjöBERG. Translated from the Swedish by ANNA BARWELL. (Allen & Unwin. 12s. 6d.)

Africa's Last Empire. By HERMANN NORDEN. (Witherby. 15s.)

HE must be a real lion and unmaimed; for we are neither early Christian martyrs nor Athenian artisans. Bottom most fully deserved the ass's head. This he might conceivably have played, but to fob off Elizabeth's or Hippolyta's ladies with a weaver's unpared nails were grossly vulgar. Your true lion has no taint of vulgarity; it takes civilization or the monkey tribe to achieve that. He is the tragic actor, arousing the desire to flee and to approach. Mr. von Hoffman gives a dutiful picture of the first reaction: "It is the lion's rear. . . . Terror lays a cold hand on the wanderer. . . . He has ceased to be an intelligent being guided by knowledge and reflection. He is engulfed in the darkness of the veldt." Mrs. Cron, hailing from America, paints the other picture. Her idea is to get up close and watch and photograph; to behave with practical, generous, New World gusto. So the tragic actor and his troupe are photographed from a motor truck, in all corners of their stately home, in all conditions of heat and hunger, anger and repletion. Magnificent, of course, but rather civilized. Yet to the innocent all things are innocent; the lion mistakes the truck for a mere rhino, and submits. It remains only that he roar you as 'twere any nightingale, by radio. And since Mrs. Cron and her husband anticipate more holidays in the "animal wonderland" of Tanganyika, that may well come too.

But this lion business, so attractive to the wanderer, must be taken to include more than a roar. It is the veldt, the jungle, the mosquito (and how much *that* signifies, in quinine and hardihood!), the fauna and flora, and, not least, the native tribes. Mr. von Hoffman is especially interesting on the last-named. His lion picture was termed dutiful because he is not really concerned with white man's shiverings, but with Rhodesian natives as they see themselves. His book is something new in jungle literature, being composed of incidents and stories that reveal an understanding of the African mind. There is no forcing to conclusions, but what does emerge is that the native's life has its own harmony, and he is floored only in contact with the white man's foolishness. Who would be a Christian martyr in the Congo, where the black missionary baptized and drowned his converts at a single ceremony, while their zeal was fresh? Against this is the unmolested native's animism and belief in witchcraft—a belief that has a logic of its own. It is far from incompatible with religion, and if primitive, is also mediæval. "For my part, I have ever believed and now know, that there are Witches," says Sir Thomas Browne, who is surely an "intelligent being guided by knowledge and reflection" rather than a jungle dweller. (He might not, perhaps, have sanctioned witch-doctors.) If it is rationalism the natives lack, why, so do Christians, in so far

as they adhere to their creed. The African may be behind the Westerner, but also following a different track. Mr. von Hoffman, who presents his matter as though impartially, seems to suggest this; his sympathies are certainly not with the whites.

With Mr. Dyott comes a hearty swing-back. White hunts for white; Brazilian Indians supply the background and the means, the clues and obstacles, the evidence—vague, specific, or contradictory—for a jungle murder. Mr. Dyott's narrative has its own excitement as a true detective tale, though the situation is one for a Conrad to enrich. It is now practically established that Fawcett and his party were killed by Indians, five days' journey beyond the Kuluene river. But was the murderer that very chief, Aloique, who accompanied the relief party to direct it? The signs are grim enough, but complete certainty might have cost the searchers their own lives. No wonder Mr. Dyott's phrase for natives is "a pack of savages." One must be reasonably safe to be impartial.

Tropical leisure is achieved again with Dr. Mjöberg. His is a naturalist's account, attractively presented, of animal, tree, and plant life in Borneo and other Malay islands. Here is nature marvellous and extravagant, with high scents and colours. You may meet the proboscis-monkey with a great red nose, find the world's largest flower, weighing fifteen pounds, or eat the rotten-tasting durian fruit—a feast in which everyone should join "so that all may emit the same vile durian smell for the next few hours." Unquestionably an aunt of Mr. Turner's popomack, this durian.

Against such richness Mr. Norden's Abyssinia looks a little pale. "After a well-graced actor leaves the stage . . ." And our lion has definitely left it. Civilization born of Solomon and the Queen of Sheba asserts itself mainly in passport difficulties. True, Mr. Norden's district is far more original a subject than the veldt and jungle, but it would also repay a less superficial and perfunctory handling than he gives it.

SYLVA NORMAN.

THE DEMOCRATIC ORCHID

Orchids for the Outdoor Garden, for the use of Amateur Gardeners. By A. W. DARNELL. (L. Reeve & Co., Ashford, Kent. 42s.)

It is not easy to make a howling success of the quiet things. Plants are notoriously silent, and even their warmest admirers incline to be apologetic occasionally. Whenever support for a piece of "pure" rather than "applied" botany is being sought, it is nearly always necessary to suggest that some tangible profit will be derived. It is, therefore, not without significance that the publishers of this book have removed themselves from among the tables of the moneychangers and have become Kentish men. From Ashford, London is little more than a necessary wen. To the publishers of a Magazine which began as "a Work intended for the Use of such Ladies, Gentlemen, and Gardeners, as wish to become scientifically acquainted with the Plants they cultivate," the fevers of their metropolitan brethren must seem almost those of adolescence.

The ambition of this book is most laudable. It is to introduce to us no less than 977 species of orchids which can be grown in "a well-appointed rock garden." It may be doubted whether the criteria of hardiness are sufficiently severe, but, so that the cultivator be not afraid of a fairly high percentage of failures, that is no reason for not making the experiment.

In these matters, as in violin-playing and writing poetry, it is necessary to try before saying "I can't"; but how an inexperienced amateur may use this book is not easy to indicate. The arrangement is purely alphabetical: of genera and of the species within them. This makes it rather like attempting to select suitable friends from a telephone directory. In fact, rather more than a bowing acquaintance is presumed. A great many amateur gardeners have the necessary acquaintance, but rather as the ploughman's wife with the squire's lady. Moreover, the words "rare" and "exotic" are not usually far away from "orchid." If our author could democratize these remarkable plants, he might be doing a tremendous service to humanity. If the

D.H. LAWRENCE

"Lawrence was a novelist, a dramatist, a poet, a critic, a descriptive writer, and often first-rate in every branch. And he was a first-rate journalist too. He chose his subjects well. He handled them well—clearly, succinctly, picturesquely, beautifully. He didn't flourish his pen before beginning, and when he had finished he knew he had finished, and stopped. Not a word wasted. The subjects chosen were important, elemental, fundamental, and he struck at once deep down into the core of them. Nothing could be more fundamental than 'The "Jeune Fille" Wants to Know,' or 'Sex versus Loveliness,' or his 'Autobiographical Sketch.'

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GEOFFREY TANDY.

BOOKS IN BRIEF

The Stock Exchange Official Intelligence for 1930. (Spottiswoode, Ballantyne & Co. 60s.)

This indispensable work of reference has succeeded in bringing itself up to date without becoming increasingly unwieldy. There is, however, one piece of additional information the inclusion of which would add to its value, namely, the Stock Exchange Rules as to the minimum commissions chargeable to clients. At present there is no source from which this information can be readily obtained; yet it is a matter on which members of the public may wish to reassure themselves without suggesting a discontent which they may not feel by applying to their brokers themselves. "The Stock Exchange Official Intelligence" generally aims at including each year a chapter on some matter of special interest. This year the matters dealt with relate to the recent reforms of Local Government and Local Taxation. The changes in methods of assessment effected by the Rating and Valuation Acts, 1925-1928, the Derating Act, and the Local Government Act of 1929 have between them effected a far-reaching reform in the principles and practice of local taxation. A full summary of the substance of the principal changes in law and practice adds to the usefulness of the volume.

The Great Literary Salons. (Thornton Butterworth. 7s. 6d.)

This book contains five studies: of Mme. de Rambouillet, Mme. de la Sablière, Mme. de Tencin, Mme. Geoffrin, and Mme. du Deffand. They were originally lectures, and it is easy to see that they were good lectures; light, lively, frothy, and not too long. But their merits turn against them as a book, and even more as a translation. They play to the gallery, as popular lectures must; the fact that each is by a different hand makes the effect scrappy; there is too much information and pleasantries, too little atmosphere. For an English public they have other faults. We do not know enough already; nor does the *vie de salon*, in this country, command a lively interest for its own sake. The history of a Mme. Geoffrin excites in the English mind bewilderment not unmixed with consternation. To give this kind of life, all apparently external, all passed in public, the necessary feeling of reality, one wants character and conversation—character in some detail, and conversation at some length. But the only character of the five that has both depth and fire, and a genuine hold on the imagination, is Mme. du Deffand's, and we have had that better done already. Conversation is quite lacking; perhaps, like most good talk, it would have flickered out with the attempt to fix it. It is the kind of book that translates badly, for the languages, especially on their lighter side, are inimical, and it could hardly be translated worse.

The Law of Banker and Customer. By JAMES WALTER SMITH. (Wilson. 6s.)

This is a new edition of a very well-known text-book, which is now in its 26th thousand. The first edition was in 1859. Mr. Borregaard, who now edits it, has made it an extremely useful and up-to-date book, containing a history of the various kinds of banks and a clear and concise statement of the law.

Pink Furniture. A Tale for Lovely Children with Noble Natures. By A. E. COPPARD. (Cape. 7s. 6d.)

We have come to consider Mr. Coppard essentially as a story teller—usually as a short-story teller, and always as a good story teller. This children's book is certainly a good story, but it will need a sophisticated child to appreciate it. There are vivid glimpses all the way through of Lewis Carroll, "Gulliver's Travels" and "Grimm's Fairy Tales"—all woven together to make quite an original story. There are also many ingenious happenings, and these are entertaining. "Alice in Wonderland" is a delight to all children, even if it is never more than half understood. "Pink Furniture," with its sudden twists in style, may prove slightly too much even for the modern child, but it is a book that the modern parent might more than half enjoy reading aloud.

A LITERARY POCKET-BOOK

The current number of "The Library" completes the 40th volume of that remarkable bibliographical magazine, and Mr. Pollard marks the occasion with retrospective notes. In the same issue is an elaborate paper on Rowe's Shakespeare, with numerous fine facsimiles. An account of various types of war literature by Mr. H. M. Tomlinson appears in the "Criterion." A tale by Mr. Aldous Huxley occupies more than half of "Life and Letters." In the "Cornhill" Miss Rowland Grey recalls the Brownings and publishes some letters, including one on the history of the "Sonnets from the Portuguese." The "Countryman," on its third birthday, appears with more pages; the more the better where the topic is so pleasant and fertile. "Scribner's" discusses, among other tragi-comic things, the ghost of Anthony Comstock; Mr. Belloc in the "Fortnightly" unmasks the grisly family of High Taxation.

In the "Congregational Quarterly," the Rev. F. J. Powicke honours the memory of the first real editor of the *ATHENÆUM*, F. D. Maurice, with "A Personal Reminiscence." A poetess with a secret, Charlotte Mew, is reconsidered by Lorna Keeling Collard in the "Contemporary." Among periodicals of a less familiar kind, we note "The Human"—a bi-monthly magazine of which the aim is to stimulate "creative adventure" and to indicate and improve the "dramatic art" of life, with questions and with exhortations on the present state of society.

At a time when all manner of machinery is being devised to bring nations together it is well we should be reminded that Europe is still a unit, and has a definite though very diversified culture that overflows all frontiers, and forms that pool of philosophy, art, literature, and science we call Western Civilization. In "The European Heritage," by Watson Kirkconnell (Dent, 6s.), the author sets out for the general reader the contributions which the various peoples of Europe have made to this common stock of culture. The work does not pretend to be exhaustive, but it presents the essential facts in an agreeable manner, and cannot help but make its readers better Europeans for its perusal.

"Chaucer: Essays and Studies," by Oliver Farrar Emerson (Western Reserve University Press), is a memorial volume to one who was for thirty years Professor of English Philology in that university. In it the Professor's friends have gathered the more important of his studies of Chaucer, which include researches into the historicity of the "Parliament of Fowles," and papers dealing with Chaucer's military service, the light his poems throw on the status of the English language at the Court of Edward III., and the many curious and intimate revelations of contemporary life contained in the poems. Another example of American scholarship has reached us in the fifteenth volume of Cornell Studies in English: "The Latin Poems of John Milton," edited by Walter Mackellar (Yale University Press; London: Humphrey Milford, 13s. 6d.), in which the editor gives us a brief essay on the Neo-Latin poetry of the Renaissance, a series of historical introductions to the poems, the poems themselves with interleaved prose translations, and last but not least some two hundred pages of notes in which every reference in the poems that could be considered at all recondite is fully explained and its original given.

The "Osaka Mainichi" send us the third number of their annual, "Japan To-day and To-morrow"—a miscellany of information in text and pictures, many of which are in colour. From one of the articles we find that the traditional Japanese poetry is still finely practised. Mr. Hakushu Kitahara will allow us to quote him, so far as translation enables us:—

"Time goes away smooth
Like a boat with the red hull!
Transient as the evening light
On the granary wall.
Or as a singing in the ears
Of a pedigree cat, black and pretty.
Time passes
Trailing its soft shadow.
Flying is time like a boat
With the red hull!"

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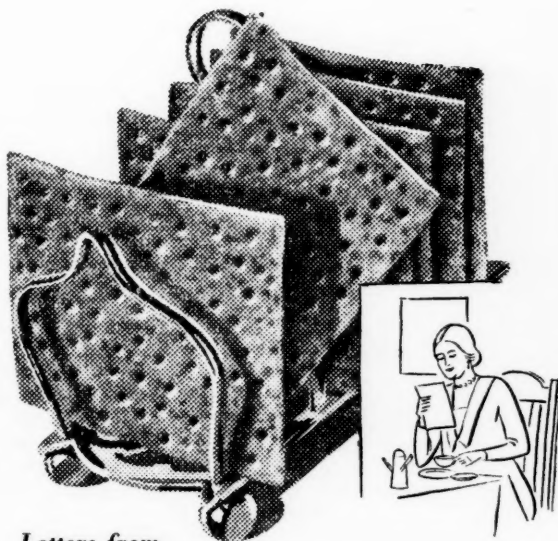
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Letters from
Mary Goodbody

Advice to Janet

My dear Janet,

What a tale of woe! Indigestion and the "middle-aged spread"! Well, I can't resist such an appeal, so I'm going to give you a piece of advice for which you'll always thank me.

It's simply this. Have a toast-rack of Vita-Weat put on the table at every meal instead of ordinary bread or toast. You know the stuff I mean—it's that delightful crispbread of Peek Freans'. Dr. Jones put me on to it, because he said it was free from "unconverted starch." Anyhow, I've found it most digestible, and for the past two years I've felt a "new woman" altogether.

Vita-Weat will also solve your other problem at the same time, because although it's very sustaining it's not at all fattening. You're right to want to keep slim, and what I've been telling you is the healthy way to do it . . .

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FINANCIAL SECTION

THE WEEK IN THE CITY

BUDGET AND STOCK MARKETS—FOREIGN LENDING—SOME FOREIGN BONDS

THE Budget had little immediate effect upon the stock markets. Government funds were at first easier, and then recovered. Mr. Snowden's treatment of Budget deficits and his maintenance of the fixed debt charge at £355 million (interest £264,350,000, floating debt £17,250,000, sinking funds £50,400,000, and savings certificate interest £23,000,000) appeared to satisfy the critics, especially as the floating debt had been reduced by £100,000,000 to £637,000,000, and Treasury bills are now selling at $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. The beer tax was apparently already discounted in the market so that brewery shares showed little change. The retention of the motor and silk duties had also been expected. An improvement was seen in tobacco shares, for it had been feared that the tobacco trades would be singled out for higher taxation. The fact that Imperial Tobacco and British American Tobacco pay their dividends free of income tax was also remembered in their favour. But there is plainly no encouragement offered to the stock markets by Mr. Snowden's Budget. While no direct tax on industry had been imposed and no further increases were contemplated next year, the City is painfully aware that business enterprise is not stimulated by increasing the direct taxation on savings. Moreover, if the trade of this country declines much further, Mr. Snowden's estimate of Customs and other revenues will be hopelessly falsified, and further taxation will be rendered inevitable.

An interesting question of financial policy is raised with the issue this week under the auspices of Hambros Bank of £1 million 6 per cent. Sterling Mortgage bonds of the Industrial Mortgage Bank of Finland, and the coming large issue for the Brazilian Government part of which is to be issued in London under the auspices of J. Henry Schröder and Company. The question is whether to allow a revival in foreign loans. The only foreign Governments which borrowed from London last year were Roumania and Chile (a total of £3.6 million), and the only foreign municipal borrower was the City of Abo. The reduction in foreign loans last year as compared with the two previous years and 1913 is shown in the following analysis of issues on the London capital market:—

Years	CAPITAL ISSUES in Millions of £'s (figures of the "Economist").									
	Home			Colonial			Foreign			Grand Total
	Govt.	"Others"	Total	Govt.	"Others"	Total	Govt.	"Others"	Total	
1913	—	36.0	36.0	26.3	49.3	75.6	26.2	58.7	84.9	196.5
1927	66.1	140.8	206.9	55.7	44.1	99.8	11.8	36.7	48.5	355.2
1928	83.9	179.7	263.6	40.2	22.5	62.5	15.9	27.0	42.9	339.1
1929	65.4	132.6	198.0	26.4	34.6	61.0	3.6	22.6	26.2	285.2

The amount of new overseas issues in any one year is, of course, no indication of whether or no this country is lending abroad too much, but for a rough comparison we may recall that the Board of Trade estimates of the invisible balance of income and expenditure as between Great Britain and foreign countries showed a credit balance for 1929 of £151 million as against £181 million for 1913. Allowing for the rise in prices since the war—the ECONOMIST index number of wholesale prices (1913 = 100) now stands at 119.4—it will be found that theoretically we should cut down our export of capital by 30 per cent. as compared with 1913.

So far this year it is the home corporations who have brought back life to the London capital market. They have raised nearly £17 million—incidentally at an average yield of £5 0s. 8d. per cent. to the investor—to the satisfaction of everyone who believes that when cheap money attracts the municipal borrower a recovery in home industries is within sight. The falling off in foreign loans is due to the fact that the London capital market has been tolerating an unofficial embargo on all foreign loans the proceeds of which are not to be spent directly in buying British goods. This is the policy of the Governor of the

Bank of England, who has charged himself—to the utmost relief, we imagine, of the Labour Government—with the mission of reconstructing British industry. No bank or issuing house in the City of London can afford to ignore Bank of England policy. Is not the Finnish issue this week a sign that this policy is being modified? The issue is being made to enable short advances made in England to be liquidated. The Finnish Mortgage Bank can claim that its loans to industrial enterprises in Finland have indirectly stimulated the purchase of British goods, but the justification on similar grounds of the coming Brazilian loan will require no little imagination. But there is some ground for the exercise of a little more discrimination in favour of foreign loans and a little less in favour of Colonial loans. What has been the effect of the preferences which we accord to Dominion and Colonial Governments in the London capital market? It has been to put a premium on Colonial over-borrowing. Indeed, an economic crisis has been precipitated in Australia largely through over-borrowing, and one of the measures taken by the Commonwealth Government to enable it to meet the heavy interest payments on its loans abroad has been a prohibitive tariff on imports which will surely injure the British export trade.

Mr. Snowden, in his Budget Speech, said that it would be rash to assume confidently that we had entered into a period of cheap money. This may be regarded as his apology for the hasty issue of the 5 per cent. Conversion loan at par last November. He added, however, that the present position tended to encourage the hope of a period of cheaper money, which is the view strongly held by the Stock Exchange. That being so, we would direct attention to certain foreign bonds which for various reasons have not fully participated in the rise in fixed-interest securities:

	Date	Recent	Flat	Red.
	Red.	Price	Yield	Yield
Roumanian 7% Stabilizn. ...	1959	86	£8 2 10	£8 6 1
Danzig Free City 6½% ...	1947	93	6 19 9	7 4 8
Peru 6% ...	1961	82	7 6 4	7 10 0
San Paulo Coffee 7½% ...	1956	94	7 19 6	8 1 7
Brazil 4% Rescission ...	1951	60½	6 12 3	8 2 10

Trade conditions in Roumania have been depressed by the fall in the price of cereals and the over-production of wheat, but the present Government appears to be firmly established and steadily pursuing its policy of economic reconstruction and sound finance. The Free City of Danzig 6½ per cent. loan has been under the shadow of the rise in the rival port of Gdynia. The security of the 6½ per cent. loan is, however, the receipts of the tobacco monopoly and the excise on spirits which afford excellent cover. Nor is it likely that the Free City, which is under the protection of the League of Nations, would be allowed to default.

Brazilian Government stocks are returning to greater favour. The Government of San Paulo, according to J. Henry Schröder and Company, "has openly avowed its abandonment of the principle of artificially maintaining a high price of coffee and is now turning its mind exclusively to the problem of how to realize the accumulated stocks over a period of years." The coffee situation undoubtedly shows some improvement. The acreage under coffee has been reduced, the 1930-31 coffee crop of San Paulo is estimated at 8 million bags as against 18 million bags for 1929-30 (making the 1930-31 crop for the whole of Brazil 12,000,000 bags, or $2\frac{1}{2}$ million less than normal), and the exports of coffee from Santos have been considerably increased. The coming Brazilian loan is presumably designed to repay existing short-term loans and to finance the disposal of the accumulated stocks of coffee. The buyer of foreign bonds must, by the way, be prepared for the big issue of £60,000,000 German Reparations bonds next month, of which probably £8,000,000 will be allocated to the London market.

